

THE *Canadian* FORUM

41st Year of Issue

Toronto, Ontario, October 1961

Fifty Cents

CURRENT COMMENT

Berlin . . . and Bonn

► EXACTLY FIVE WEEKS separated the sealing off the sector boundary in Berlin and the West German elections. Although West Berliners are ineligible to vote for the Federal Republic's Bundestag, there was a clear connection between the two events. Berlin came to be the major factor in the hitherto tepid campaign; and among the reasons which contributed to the weakening of the Christian Democratic position must be included Konrad Adenauer's failure to appear promptly in Berlin, and the ineptly handled interview with Soviet Ambassador Smirnov in Bonn, which seemed to imply that Bonn-Moscow relations could not be upset by such a mere incident as the erection of wall and wire through the heart of Berlin. Governing Mayor Willy Brandt was inevitably thrust into a more favourable limelight, especially before the television cameras during Vice-President Johnson's ball point visit (he did not, evidently, qualify for the Jack Parr show). And West Germany's opinion on the fate of Berlin cannot fail to have been stirred by the derisive banners proclaiming that Washington was nearer than Bonn. All this, plus the possession of a more effective leader, a more coherent programme, and a better organized campaign help to explain why the SPD succeeded in surpassing the magic figure of one third of the popular vote (all that they managed to garner in the first federal elections in 1949, when Adenauer was elected chancellor by one vote—presumably his own) and to increase their seats in the Bundestag by 13 per cent.

If Berlin played into the hands of the Socialists, however, it seems clear that a major share of the protest votes—against the Chancellor's undoubted authoritarian rule, against his alleged rigidity in foreign policy, against his apparent neglect of the national interest, against supposed clericalism—went not to Herr Brandt but to the bourgeois alternative. And Erich Mende's right-of-centre Free Democratic Party appears to have picked up most of the votes given in 1957 to the German Party, which fought this election in a disastrous *mésalliance* with the refugee party under the name All-German Party. Mende's shrewdly conducted campaign amply secured his object of breaking the Christian Democratic stranglehold on the electorate and reversing, for the time being at least, the trend towards a two party system which had been so marked a feature in 1953 and 1957.

In meeting Mende's demand for a CDU/FDP coalition without Adenauer with the threat of a minority government the Chancellor is seeking to counter Mende's role as king-maker and to check the extravagant demands

for cabinet representation which Mende will undoubtedly make on the strength of his newly acquired position of balance between the two major parties. But the Chancellor is also probably counting on the fact that the framers of the Federal Republic's Basic Law or Constitution included a provision by which, in default of a candidate's commanding a majority of votes in the Bundestag, a plurality is ultimately sufficient; and also sought to check ministerial instability by making the passage of a vote of want of confidence dependent on the prior election of a new chancellor. As Mende has repeatedly rejected the idea of coalition with the SPD (though his party governs with it in several Lander) the Chancellor can thus hope to prolong his stay in office, at least for a time. But despite his determination to form a minority government, the ultimate outcome is inevitably bound to be a return to normalcy, this is, to the coalition governments of pre-1957. Given the pre- and post-election pledges, this can only mean a CDU/FDP coalition. It need not mean instability, as the electoral law once again kept the splinter groups out of the Bundestag. It should mean greater flexibility and an end to the authoritarian rule which Adenauer, for all his great services to the re-establishment of parliamentary democracy in western Germany, displayed during the third Bundestag.

The changes in German foreign policy are unlikely to be marked, if only because the major decisions remain so largely in non-German hands. It remains to be seen precisely what the harder FDP national line and their greater readiness to talk with the East Germans will amount to. In any event, it is unlikely that the junior partner in a coalition would be able to call the tune. The situation confronting any German government at the moment could hardly be more un-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CURRENT COMMENT	145
TELEVISION NOTEBOOK — Robert Fulford	147
UNDERWORLD TORONTO — Jack H. Batten	149
CANADIAN CALENDAR	151
POETRY	151, 153, 156, 158, 161, 165
THE DRAFT PROGRAM OF THE CPSU — Anna M. Cienciala	152
SIX POEMS — K. V. Hertz	154
NIPPLES ON THE NEWSSTANDS — Paul Standing	155
CORRESPONDENCE	156
SUMMER CINEMA IN NEW YORK John Robert Colombo	157
THREE POEMS — Irving Layton	158
THE ICE FLOES (Short Story) — (Hilde Kirkwood)	159
TURNING NEW LEAVES — William Blissett	162
BOOKS REVIEWED	162

promising. Hard national sacrifices are being demanded by its enemies in Moscow and Pankow; and its allies in Washington and London may demand painful concessions. It is probably a good thing that the Social Democrats are unlikely to have the responsibility for government during this trying period; for the left may thus hope to avoid the charge of national betrayal, with which they, as the leading exponents of the new parliamentary system, were flayed after 1919.

The new German government is unlikely to be more positively concerned with the question of reunification; like Adenauer's, it will find itself unable to do more than struggle to prevent developments which would foreclose the possibility of an eventual reunion of the German territories up to the Oder-Neisse line. This means a continued resistance to recognition of the East German Republic (the D.D.R.) and concern to preserve the essentials of the present situation in Berlin. The domestic crisis in the D.D.R.—a threefold economic, planning and food crisis—was plain to the most casual visitor in the early summer. It was amply documented by the increasing flow of refugees to the west, before, that is, the flow became a flood as the threat of closing of the Berlin escape hatch loomed larger on the horizon. In the west, the matching of the formidable barriers along the zonal border with equally impenetrable obstacles between the sectors in Berlin was hailed, with a too great display of self-congratulation, as proof positive of the failure of the D.D.R. It was, indeed, a confession of weakness on the part of Pankow. But it also involved a formidable defeat for the west—possibly the most serious setback in Europe since the Czech coup. For the first time since 1948 the iron curtain has moved westward, and 17 million inhabitants of the D.D.R. have been deprived of the last window which let in a ray of light.

BY ALL ACCOUNTS life in West Berlin has gone on, practically undisturbed since August 13. But it can never be quite the same again. Though the city administrations were divided in 1948, though two hostile systems confronted one another across the sector boundary, the unique feature of Berlin was the open frontier. The flow, in both directions, of people and ideas, of books and newspapers, of theatre and opera tickets—all this gave Berlin its distinctive character. All this vanished on August 13, and while it remains to be seen what the pass system of the *Volkspolizei* will bring, the situation as it existed over the last decade will probably never return. More than ever, as the old saying put it, will West Berlin be a democratic island in a red sea, now without even a sort of underwater promontory jutting out into the east. Greater than ever will be the dangers that atrophy will set in; and of course, Herr Ulbricht, fresh from his bloodless coup of August 13, is waiting across the Spree to take advantage of the endless tempting opportunities which lie at hand to bring the life of a great city under his control, not by direct assault, but by gradually whittling away the means of its independent existence.

On August 13 the West held its hand. There had been no direct interference with West Berlin, or with its communications. And now, at last, exploratory negotiations towards a settlement are about to begin, under the roof of a United Nations reeling under the ghastly tragedy of Dag Hammarskjöld's death. So much will depend on what Mr. Khrushchev is aiming at. If

he is seeking primarily to bolster up his sagging satellite by securing western recognition for it, some accommodation ought to be possible. The U.N. might here play a useful role, though it ought to be clear that the organization was never intended to mediate, and has never succeeded in holding the ring, between the great powers, and that a U.N. force in Berlin would never replace, in the present state of Europe, the presence of even the token western forces which now comprise the garrison. One should remember too, that recognition is not a mere acceptance of an unpalatable fact, but itself a weapon in the power struggle. In acknowledging the *status quo*, we would in effect be altering it irreparably. If, on the other hand, Messrs Khrushchev and Ulbricht see recognition as a preliminary to absorbing West Berlin within the Soviet system, there is probably little that the West can do but to stand firm. This courts the danger of a war that could be nuclear. At the opposite pole is the danger that Mr. Khrushchev can achieve what he wants without war. To try to steer between the two represents the obvious, if extraordinarily difficult, course which the West must follow.

ROBERT SPENCER

The Prize in Sudbury

► SUDBURY'S HUGE Mine-Mill local is the sort of prize which invites a struggle.

The 18,000 men who work in the mines and smelters of International Nickel and Falconbridge make up the largest single union local in Canada. In days when increases in trade union ranks come in dribs and drabs, the addition of an 18,000-member local represents a sizeable shot in the arm to any organization. Its subtraction can be just as crushing. Sudbury's Mine-Mill Local 598 comprises more than half of the Canadian Mine-Mill membership. Without it, Mine-Mill at the national level would be little more than a shell.

National Mine-Mill officers are well aware of this. They've been trying unsuccessfully to tame the Sudbury local since its members kicked over the traces two and a half years ago under the leadership of Donald Gillis, a suburban township reeve.

In the past several months, the fight for control of the local has produced a near-riot outside the union's big Sudbury hall, a brawl-interrupted arena rally and two courtroom hearings.

The United Steelworkers of America has launched its long-expected campaign to upset Mine-Mill in Sudbury. The steel union is urging the Sudbury membership to cut their ties with the national Mine-Mill organization, often accused of Communist domination, join the Steelworkers and thereby affiliate with the Canadian Labor Congress.

Only the prolonged skirmishing between national Mine-Mill and its rebellious local has provided the conditions for such a Steelworker campaign. Until this spring, sparring between the Sudbury local executive and its parent has been confined primarily to election campaigns. But when local officers felt they were being deprived of a proper voice at a district convention, they applied their own kind of squeeze on the national office.

The local voted overwhelmingly to halt per capita payments to national headquarters. This sliced \$25,000 a month from Mine-Mill's Canadian revenue—a staggering blow. The 2,000-member Port Colborne local

recently applied a similar freeze on dues payments to the national office.

Mine-Mill's national executive board replied by clamping a trusteeship on the Sudbury local, seizing its main hall and records. The national officers charged a plot to lead the local into the arms of the Steelworkers, but there is reason to believe the dues squeeze was an equally potent factor in the decision to grab control.

Ontario's Chief Justice J. C. McRuer dissolved the trusteeship less than two weeks later and restored the Gillis-led executive to office. Mr. Justice McRuer ruled that local officers had been denied a hearing. The national office has countered with a series of charges against Gillis and others—preparing the way for a new attempt to impose a trusteeship.

All this infighting beclouds the real needs of the 18,000 Sudbury mine workers.

They must have a strong, stable unit capable of bargaining with the giant of the nickel mining industry in negotiations scheduled to open soon—and they should be able to call on the country's trade union movement for help.

At this stage, there is little doubt that this means a break with the national Mine-Mill organization, a labor outcast since it was expelled from the old Canadian Congress of Labor 13 years ago.

The Sudbury local led by Gillis and his able lieutenant, Donald McNabb, has maintained for two years that it needs a link with the Canadian Labor Congress. Within the local, sentiment for such a link has been mounting steadily.

But does it have to be accomplished through the Steelworkers? Why not through a local directly chartered by the congress? The congress has other chartered locals, although it has practised a policy of encouraging these locals to join the appropriate national or international affiliate.

The official CLC answer is that any other course is ruled out by the congress constitution. This bars direct entry of an existing local which naturally falls within the territory of a congress affiliate—in the Sudbury case, the Steelworkers.

The Steelworkers certainly have a firm base in the mining industry—almost a quarter of their Canadian membership. But the steel union has been at war with Mine-Mill in Canada and the United States for a decade. National officers of Mine-Mill have carefully cultivated the image of a steel bogey for their Sudbury members.

Such warfare has created a legacy of wariness—perhaps even fear of the steel union—among many of Sudbury's rank-and-file miners.

Congress officers and the local Sudbury leadership are now counting on membership anger to overcome this reluctance—anger at Mine-Mill's crude attempts to seize control and the national headquarters' recent move to establish ties with Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters Union.

But a bitter Steelworkers versus Mine-Mill vote campaign with all its ugly aftermath, could be avoided. Under the province's labor act, an application for any change in union status must be made between the beginning of November and January 2—expiry date of the current contract. The choice in any ballot could be between a directly chartered CLC local and Mine-Mill's national organization.

Mine-Mill's national officers would no doubt label it an undercover attempt to seize the local for the

Steelworkers.

But the CLC should be prepared to consider a direct link for the Sudbury local—and it should press the Steelworkers to accept such a solution. A direct link to the congress could be for a fixed period—say five years—after which the labor congress itself could conduct a new vote to determine the Sudbury local's final destiny.

In view of the Mine-Mill local's troubled history and its unquestioned desire to throw off its present reins, the CLC should remove all bars to affiliation—even if it means a change in its own constitutional machinery. The union members' needs, after all, should be paramount.

MURRAY GOLDBLATT

Television Notebook

► EUGENE FORSEY has implied, not without justice, that I should spend more time with the data pertaining to the activities of the Board of Broadcast Governors. This is a helpful suggestion, and I have acted upon it. Recently I spent ten days reading the available documents and records, including all the testimony before the 1961 parliamentary committee on broadcasting. The committee sat intermittently from February to late June, and its record runs to 994 pages. I do not recommend this as a literary experience, but I can say that it confirms just about anything that has been said seriously—as opposed to satiric exaggerations—in these pages about the Board of Broadcast Governors. The ideas expressed here included: (1) The BBG is much more interested in striking a nationalistic pose than in laying a suitable foundation for good television; (2) The BBG regulations (45 per cent Canadian content this year, 55 next year) are another expression of anti-Americanism, the nastiest aspect of the Canadian character; (3) The regulations have immediately plunged this august board into deliberations which are downright silly and which thereby weaken confidence in its decisions; (4) The BBG—this is a minor point, so far—has quickly developed an outlook which can best be described as prudish.

The last of these points is illustrated by an answer the BBG's chairman, Dr. Andrew Stewart, gave to a member of the parliamentary committee who asked what the BBG does when profanity turns up on the air:

DR. STEWART: We have always taken up the matter with the station and have brought it to their attention. Usually, I must say, that the management has hardly been aware that this has happened. It creeps into a station program. We have taken it up with them on a number of occasions and after drawing it to their attention have asked them to be more careful.

This is, of course, private censorship in the best Canadian tradition—ban books without telling anyone which books are banned; conspire with newsstand dealers behind the people's back to withdraw magazines without public hearing; and tell broadcasters to be more careful, without telling the public what it is they are being careful about. (And is it just possible that sometimes these things are carried on without all BBG members knowing about them? I believe it is just possible.) There is no suggestion in Dr. Stewart's testimony that at times profanity might be a natural part of a script—as it is, for instance, in a large percentage of the serious plays written in the last half-century. In this schoolmasterish pronouncement, there's not a breath of interest in such an idea.

The general silliness of the 45-55 rules is illustrated by Dr. Stewart's reply to a question about Wayne and Shuster. Would a program from the United States be Canadian if it presented Wayne and Shuster? His answer: "I think that the only place that could come in is where there is a special provision for programs of special interest to Canadians. It might be that a Wayne and Shuster show, if it were wholly a Wayne and Shuster show in the United States, might be considered of general interest to Canadians, but it might not be if it were a part of, for instance, the Ed Sullivan show." We can expect, then, the next revision of the broadcasting regulations will contain a precise formula telling us all how much Wayne and Shuster a program must contain before it is judged Canadian, or half-Canadian, or of special interest to Canadians. In a few years, perhaps, we will be able to develop an even more sophisticated formula for a program starring say, Mort Sahl—who was, after all, born in Canada, and has spent one-fifth or one-sixth of his life here.

THIS IS ALL peripheral, of course. What is more important is the relationship between quality and quantity. To take a simple example: if the private TV stations in Toronto and Hamilton were each to produce each week one good drama, one first-class public affairs show, one varied musical show and one university level educational show, then they would both be contributing far more to their communities than is now the case; they could fill the remaining 60 or 70 hours a week with *Dial 999* and *Wagon Train*, and still silence most of their critics. But they would not please Dr. Stewart. He has already begun to place far more emphasis on the mathematical formula than on the quality of production. Surely this is what we have to conclude from an exchange which took place during the committee hearings on Feb. 13:

MR. PICKERSGILL: Supposing the case arose, and it does not seem to me to be much of a hypothesis, where in order to obtain the 45 per cent Canadian content the standard of broadcasting might, at any rate temporarily, be somewhat reduced; would the board feel it was desirable to have some reduction in the standard in order to obtain the 45 per cent Canadian content, or would the board feel that it would be better to have some imported programs with a lower Canadian content?

MR. SMITH: That is hypothetical.

DR. STEWART: The board is quite emphatic in respect of the application of the 45 per cent.

MR. PICKERSGILL: You say that, regardless of what effect it may have on the standard?

DR. STEWART: I do not know what is covered by "regardless," but within the limits that we think is likely to happen, if at all, in terms of depreciation of quality, yes.

A WEEK LATER, Douglas Fisher had another question, related to Mr. Pickersgill's. Like many people, he seems to believe that American organizations produce good documentaries and educational programs, and that Canadian viewers would benefit by seeing them:

MR. FISHER: Have you given any consideration to ways in which you could encourage more American public affairs and educational programs in Canada on the private stations and on the CBC?

DR. STEWART: We have given some considerable thought to that particular problem of educational

programming. We have had a number of representations that the board should include educational programs, let us say, brought in from the United States . . . we have had representations that the board should rate these as Canadian content, so that they would contribute to our 45 or 55 per cent Canadian content and thereby be an incentive to broadcasters to use such programs.

We have not agreed to this at the moment on the grounds that to use the Canadian content qualifications in order to provide an inducement to import educational programs would be an abuse of the concept of the Canadian classification and we have not as yet found any other means of stimulating this kind of imported program.

Dr. Stewart then went on to say that American educational material could be used as part of Canadian programs, but it would have to be used within a Canadian show in order to qualify under the percentage rule. Then Fisher had another question:

MR. FISHER: What is the difference between information coming from Britain and information coming from the United States?

DR. STEWART: We give a 50 per cent Canadian content to the Commonwealth productions.

MR. FISHER: This is all very well in terms of sentiment, but in terms of real value, the American community is putting out educational and public affairs programs which have much more relevance to the Canadian situation. Would you not agree?

DR. STEWART: I do not know.

MR. FISHER: I did not think I could catch you.

"I do not know"! In cultural affairs Canada has reached a point where an important public official claims not to know whether American educational material is more relevant to Canada than British. In almost every conceivable way, an American educational program would be more comprehensible and useful to Canadians than a British one. When you glance at the general subjects such programs cover, the point is self-evident. Educational programs concern social problems and agriculture, labor unions and traffic safety, mass culture and world politics; and perhaps a dozen other subjects. In almost every one of these there is a general North American context which makes American material far more relevant to Canadians than material from any other source—except, of course, a Canadian source.

To promote this sort of program, Dr. Stewart will not "abuse" the concept of Canadian content. What this means is that the central concept can be used for every other purpose—to give us more of those senseless Canadian panel shows; to bring us more British films; to promote shabby film series production in Toronto. But not for the one positive purpose which has so far been suggested by a member of parliament.

ON THE SAME DAY, Fisher referred to what he called "the blanket condemnation of the American program," and here Dr. Stewart excelled himself:

DR. STEWART: I think this is a misconception. There is a very general misconception with respect to the effect of these regulations, and it is this: that because the board has introduced a regulation affecting Canadian content it is obviously going to substitute Canadian programs for American, and they think that it will affect the Ed Sullivan show, the Perry Como show, and that these will be cut out. This is a ridiculous assumption. That will not be done. It will be the third-rate B films that will be cut out. The stations will still be looking for good American programs, and it is

the poor American programs which will be discarded for the Canadian programs.

There are several points worth noting here: (1) No, Dr. Stewart, it will be the *unprofitable* American programs which will be discarded—the *poor* ones live on (77 *Sunset Strip*, *Rawhide*, *Route 66*, *The Rifleman*) filling the schedule of both CBC and private stations. (2) No one has suggested publicly that shows like Sullivan's or Como's will vanish, since these are network programs; local stations have no choice about carrying them, and the second stations—for whom the 45 per cent rule is most crucial—can't have them in any case. (3) Is the Ed Sullivan show really, in the opinion of the Chairman of the Board of Broadcast Governors, one of the "good American programs"? (4) What "third rate B films"? If he means third-rate B movies, the ones going the rounds lately have been mostly English, not American.

But it is good to know that whatever happens, Ed Sullivan and Perry Como will always be with us.

NO ONE WHO LIVES in the Toronto area needs to read Hansard to discover to what extent the Broadcast Governors have made fools of themselves. You need only turn on Channel 9, CFTO, to observe the easily foreseeable results of the governors' most important and most stupid specific decision, the awarding of the second television channel in Toronto to the John Bassett, John David Eaton and Joel Aldred interests.

CFTO has quickly and predictably turned into a clumsy imitation of an American channel, without even the benefits of live American network programs. Its schedule, after six months on the air, has made a joke of the promises it submitted to the BBG and an even greater joke of the Governors who apparently believed them. The promised drama show has failed to materialize, the promised cultural programs (ballet, etc.) have not been mentioned again, and public affairs programming (aside from news) has been cut to half an hour or one hour a week. With the exception of three or four individual hours or half hours (an art show here, a documentary on football there) CFTO's creative contribution to Canadian broadcasting has been nonexistent. In my opinion, even the old Hollywood movies it shows in prime time are among the worst available. (But on the other hand, the station will likely meet Dr. Stewart's standards: its Canadian content probably reaches or even surpasses the 45 per cent level.)

The point of all this is that the CFTO disaster was foreseeable. At the time the award was made, no one—literally, no knowledgeable and disinterested person—could be discovered who believed either (a) the award was wise; or (b) the promises in the CFTO brief could be carried out. Many of us also felt that to award it to any newspaper interests would be disastrous, and that it would be mistaken to hand it out to any firm which obviously lacked broadcasting experience.

Those who lean towards the conspiracy theory of history believed the CFTO award demonstrated that the BBG was politically influenced. On the contrary, I thought—and still think—that it demonstrated something far more alarming: that the governors knew absolutely nothing about the theory and practise of tele-

vision broadcasting. By now, we can hope, the CFTO experience has made them sadder and wiser men; but the hope may yet turn out to be in vain.

ROBERT FULFORD

Underworld Toronto

JACK H. BATTEN

► THE MAX BLUESTEIN Case, as it came to be known, may not have been as nationally significant as the Coyne Affair, but in Toronto at least it was treated with the same kind of sensational headlines and for many weeks it was the hottest newspaper story in town. Certainly it had all the elements for the front page: violence, glamorous blondes, a long court trial, disappearing evidence, reluctant witnesses and, best of all, a clutch of authentic gangsters. Altogether it turned out to be the story that finally and completely destroyed any lingering notions of "Toronto the Good" and it made clear to most Torontonians for the first time that the city has now acquired an underworld that is as active, efficient and ruthless as almost any in North America.

The story began early on the morning of March 21st when Bluestein, who was later revealed as an important figure in Ontario's gambling world, was attacked by three or four men in the lobby of the Town Tavern. The beating Bluestein received was savage enough to keep him in the hospital, stitched and bandaged, for days after, and the Town, a popular night club in downtown Toronto a couple of blocks from City Hall, was filled nearly to capacity at the time of the incident; but strangely, very little, if anything, about the attack appeared in the newspapers and no one seemed willing to tell exactly what had happened at the Town that morning. Finally Pierre Berton, an old-fashioned crusading columnist, broke the story in a series of articles in the *Toronto Star* that described the beating as a piece of underworld vengeance on Bluestein by rival gamblers. Berton carried the story a few steps further and stated flatly, with some additional illustrations, that the underworld in Toronto had become big business.

Almost immediately rival newspapers, indignant politicians, outraged citizens and the Chief of Police got into the act. Everyone, except the Chief, came forward with new evidence of a spreading crime wave ("the Mafia

THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. XLI, No. 489

Editorial Board: A. F. B. Clark, Ramsay Cook, Kildare Dobbs, Edith Fowke, Robert Fulford, C. A. Grassick, Gordon Hawkins, Kay Morris, W. J. Stankiewicz

Hilda Kirkwood—Book Review Editor

Milton Wilson—Managing Editor

Denis Smith—Associate Editor

L. A. Morris—Business Manager

Published each month by

CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED

30 Front Street West, Toronto 1, Ontario, Canada

Telephone: EM. 3-0145

Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto.

Advertising rates on request.

M. R. HALDI, B. Comm.

PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT

5 Huntley Street, Toronto, Canada - WA. 3-5708

has moved into Ontario"), and two criminal trials that were then being heard at the Spring Assizes—one involving alleged bribery of a provincial anti-gambling squad—seemed to support the charges. A Liberal M.P.P. announced dramatically that he could produce conclusive evidence that the master minds of crime in Ontario even maintained a direct contact inside Premier Frost's cabinet. The members of the cabinet reacted to this accusation in a curious way—each of them solemnly denied to the press that he personally had any underworld connections but did so in a way that seemed to imply that, perhaps, the man in the next office had a few unsavory friends. Finally one Minister admitted that he was probably the man the Liberal M.P.P. had in mind, but that he wasn't really guilty of anything either. It was all very confusing.

Only the Chief of Police refused to concede that the underworld had got out of hand in Toronto, but he ordered a general crack-down anyway. As a first step the police swooped down on a stag party in the basement of a Catholic church and arrested 40 men on gambling charges; at the same time bingo games were raided all over the city, and in the rich, respectable Rosedale district, the neighborhood organizers of an annual children's carnival were charged with conducting a lottery. This didn't seem to be exactly the kind of underworld that most people in Toronto had in mind, but with the police it's results that count and 40 arrests is, after all, a very impressive statistic.

Meanwhile some serious detective work must have been going on behind the scenes in the Bluestein case because, despite a general refusal of the victim and almost all of the witnesses to admit anything, the police soon announced that four men had been charged with assault. These four were named Papalia, Gabourie, Weaver and Marchildon, and as their pictures began to appear in the papers, they turned out to be heavy, grim-looking men in their late thirties who easily fitted the public image of real gangsters. Papalia, or Johnny Paps as he is known to his associates, was an especially ominous figure; at about the same time, he was also charged (along with two other Toronto men) by the F.B.I. as a member of a ring alleged to have smuggled \$20,000,000.00 worth of heroin into the U.S. When this news broke, Papalia disappeared and it was only as a result of a police informant's tip that he was eventually arrested—nabbed, as it happens, as he was strolling along a street in Rosedale, but no one suggested that his presence there had any connection with the scandalous lottery case.

AFTER ALL the preliminary excitement, the trial of the four men, when it finally began, seemed at first a disappointment. It wasn't that it lacked colorful characters—besides the accused and two famous criminal lawyers, the court was filled with shapely blonde waitresses from the Town (front page photographs of the girls soon replaced the familiar shots of Johnny Paps snarling into the camera). But what the trial did lack, at least for a few days, was a substantial case. The crown witnesses, it seemed, just couldn't remember anything. Bluestein, the victim, testified that, "I was in a fog. I don't know what happened—it might have been a waitress." The tavern bouncer, who was in the thick of the action, wasn't much help either, but then he was reluctant to talk from the first: the day after the beating, he disappeared from his job and was discovered a few weeks later in Niagara Falls. One of the waitresses also deserted the Town for a quieter life in

Peterborough, and another explained her reluctance in court frankly: "When people like Maxie and Johnny Paps have a fight it's better to walk away".

After a few days of this kind of testimony the trial took on a strong resemblance to something from "The Untouchables", with the result carefully rigged in advance. The presiding magistrate, a tall, rugged-looking man in his middle thirties named Addison—who is also, unlike many magistrates, a lawyer—angrily observed that the witnesses "could remember who had gone to the washroom, what drinks were ordered and by whom, but no one could identify Bluestein's assailants", and to shake the witnesses' memories, he began to take a tougher line. Most important, he declared one key witness, the hat check girl, to be a hostile witness and thus subjected her to severe cross-examination by the crown attorney. It was clear that she had seen the entire attack and, according to other testimony, had been handed a weapon—which later disappeared—used in the fight; but she had also received later that night a mysterious, and apparently threatening, phone call, and this seemed to close her mouth forever. Not even the crown's cross-examination affected her testimony—she kept repeating that "it just looked like television", which, in one sense, may have been the truest words spoken during the whole trial. But the court attitude did serve as a warning to the other witnesses and gradually, under pressure from the magistrate, they began to reveal the story of the assault piece by piece.

The signal for the attack, according to the magistrate's view of the evidence, had been given by Papalia, whom Addison described as the mastermind of the plot, when he sent a waitress to Bluestein's table to ask what he was drinking. Bluestein refused anything from Papalia, and shortly after, when Bluestein went to the lobby for his hat and coat, he was suddenly surrounded by Papalia's men who appeared from different parts of the tavern armed with rubber hoses and black jacks. The fight that followed was short and vicious—the attackers knew their business. Two of them quickly worked over Bluestein with their clubs while the others warned off the by-standers (one man received a broken nose when he took too close an interest). Then they silently scattered in different directions. Only one thing went wrong with the attack—Bluestein, who was carrying a stiletto, apparently managed to inflict six stab wounds on one assailant, Marchildon, who headed straight for a hospital when he made his get-away.

The story was put together in a grudging, piece-meal way, after hours of halting, evasive testimony. However, when he had heard it all, Addison concluded that it was at least sufficient to convict three of the men, all except Weaver. The magistrate commented that no one seemed very concerned about Bluestein's horrible beating and that it was probably just an "occupational hazard" for these men. Still he had to show the underworld that the law was as strong as they were, and he gave Johnny Paps 18 months and the other two 9 and 4 months sentences. Already Papalia has appealed his conviction, and he may have substantial grounds in law.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please give old address as well when sending your change of address to the Circulation Dept. If your subscription has expired please renew now. Subscription rate: One year \$5.00

THE CANADIAN FORUM

30 FRONT STREET WEST

TORONTO 1, ONTARIO

But an even more interesting comment on the whole affair was provided by the Attorney-General's office when it charged the hat check girl with perjury as a result of her testimony. The maximum penalty for perjury is 14 years.

Canadian Calendar

- Relief payments under the Ontario General Welfare Assistance Act were up 47.3% for the month of July this year, compared with July, 1960.

- Cost of trans-Atlantic telephone calls between Canada and the United Kingdom will be cut by 25% on Nov. 1, when a new cable linking the two countries is scheduled to go into operation.

- Winner of the Canadian closed chess tournament was Lionel Joyner, 29-year-old master from Montreal.

- Canada's suicide rate has risen from 6.1 per 100,000 persons in 1944 to 7.5 in 1959. (The world's highest suicide rate—33.9—is in West Berlin; Japan has a rate of 24.1.) Across Canada the suicide rate per 100,000 is 11.4 in B.C., 9.4 in Alberta, 8.7 in Ontario and 2.9 in P.E.I.

- On Sept. 7, Prime Minister Diefenbaker announced a 15,000-man increase in the armed forces, a 2,000-man increase in Canada's NATO forces, and plans to train 100,000 volunteer civilians in national survival.

- Saskatchewan Wheat Pool officials estimate that across Canada 7,000 head of cattle per week are being moved south across the border because of shortages of pasture and feed.

- In 1948, when grading of beef was established, the weekly average marketing of choice grades was 7.6%. This has risen steadily: 11% in 1951, 18% in 1955, 37.7% in 1961.

- A 1936 Canadian "dot" penny sold for \$3,400 at the eighth annual convention of the Canadian Numismatic Association. The 1936 "dot" penny differs from more than 8,000,000 others minted in that it has a raised dot below the 9 and 3 in the date. Almost 680,000 of the "dot" pennies were minted but only eight are known to be in hands of collectors.

- In the first six months of the year Cuba bought eighteen million dollars worth of Canadian goods, mainly lard, livestock and poultry, medical supplies, textiles and machinery, while in the same period Canadian purchases of Cuban goods totalled \$1,600,000, far less than usual.

- Piggyback rail service, the carrying of truck trailers on railway cars, is up 5.1% in Canada this year.

- In the April-June period of 1961, foreign investors bought Canadian stocks, bonds and other securities more heavily than in any period since the third quarter of 1956. About sixty-six million dollars in foreign capital entered Canada for such purchase.

- Agreement has been reached between Canada and the U.S. on protecting the FM channels allocated to Canada from being swamped by fast-developing U.S. stations. The protection is in the form of temporary standards governing the allocation of channels within

250 miles of the international border; these will be effective until the U.S. has reviewed the whole question of FM channel allocations and discussed new arrangements with Canada.

- The first Canada Council Medals will be given this year to Vincent Massey, former Governor-General of Canada; Lawren Harris, 75, Vancouver artist; A. Y. Jackson, 79, Manotick artist; E. J. Pratt, 78, Toronto poet; Dr. Healey Willan, 80, Toronto musician; Ethel Wilson, Vancouver novelist; Marius Barbeau, 78, Ottawa writer; Wilfrid Pelletier, 65, Montreal musical conductor; Canon Lionel Groulx, 83, Montreal writer. In addition, a posthumous award will be given Brooke Claxton, former federal cabinet minister and first council chairman. The purpose of the medal, which carries with it a cash award of \$2,000, is to make available an award for Canadians who have made major contributions in the arts, humanities or social sciences. In future, the council intends to make only three or four of these in any one year.

- Teachers' salaries in Prince Edward Island have been among the lowest in Canada, but are now increased by as much as \$2,000. Top salary in the new scale is \$7,800 for Charlottetown high school principals (top grade city teachers with experience will get up to \$6,000); last year the highest Charlottetown salary was \$5,500, and seven years ago it was \$3,400.

- There are 600 dentists in British Columbia, but no school of dentistry. In Vancouver the ratio is one dentist to every 1,700 persons, in rural areas, the average is one dentist to 4,700 persons, and in one or two districts, it is one dentist to 10,000.

- President Frondizi of Argentina will pay a four-day state visit to Canada Nov. 27 to Dec. 1.

- Mines Minister Comtois, when he announced plans for three hydrographic and oceanographic ships to join the Federal Government fleet, said it was Canada's intention to become a world leader in the scientific study of oceans.

- Business failures in the first half of this year were up slightly in number over the same period last year, but down by almost half in total liabilities. Most of the dollar volume in liabilities was in the manufacturing industries.

THE NIGHT WATCHES

A moral obligation?
It creaks like an old house
weathering. It's difficult to plug
a winter's draft
that creeps through cracks
of misfit windows.

I stuffed them with old remnants,
but they shrank with frost;
and smog and fog of early mornings
oozed through the opening
to cloud my face
like a migraine headache.

I think of night watchmen
with rusty timeclocks,
waiting for the hour
hand to move.

GERTRUDE KATZ

The Draft Program of the CPSU

ANNA M. CIENCIALA

► THE DRAFT PROGRAMME of the Soviet Communist Party (CPSU), announced in Moscow on July 30, 1961, is chronologically the fourth statement of Communist philosophy and objectives. The first such statement, the *Communist Manifesto* of Karl Marx, appeared in 1848; the platform of the Russian Social Democratic Party was published in 1903, and the first declaration of aims by the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, in March 1919. The manifesto of 1961 should therefore be seen not only in terms of the present world situation, but also in the light of the previous statements, particularly those of 1848 and 1919, of which it is the ideological descendant.

The new draft discusses such varied topics as the Marxist philosophy of history, Soviet achievements, the Capitalist system, and the international situation, but its main emphasis is, of course, on the realization of the Communist Utopia in the Soviet Union within the next two decades. Thy style of the Manifesto is typical of Mr. Khrushchev. It combines indiscriminately apocalyptic or philosophic language, with diplomacy and statistics. In fact, the voluminous text could be termed the Old and New Testament of Marxism according to Nikita Khrushchev. It is, moreover, accompanied by invectives against unbelievers and heretics, tempting perspectives of salvation for prospective converts, and detailed instructions on how to achieve paradise on earth. The whole is presented within a tight dogmatic format, carefully buttressed by references to Marx and Lenin—though Stalin, to whom it is also indebted, is not mentioned. The vigorous iconoclast of the Twentieth Congress has now erected a monument to himself in the Soviet Pantheon.

It is with some difficulty that the Western reader will recognize the picture of his world as it is presented to the Soviet citizen. In announcing the imminent coming of the Communist era, it is necessary to demonstrate that the Capitalist system is dying. There is nothing new in this, of course; it was supposed to be dying in 1848 and again in 1919, and the assertion is part of the Communist faith; what is depressing is the distortion induced by dogma into the realm of fact. Since he is bent on proving that Capitalism is moribund, Khrushchev does not want to recognize any significant evolution in the Capitalist system. He is, nevertheless, forced to state a few facts in order to dismiss them. After asserting that there are growing conflicts within the Capitalist world, he dismisses the European Common Market with the dictum that it is merely a new redivision of the world capitalist market and that it creates new sources of strain and conflict. The standard of living of workers in capitalist society is supposed to be growing progressively lower, but even Soviet citizens know that some Western countries are wealthy. This discrepancy is explained by the argument already used by Lenin at the beginning of the century: the exploitation of colonial peoples. The progress made in some Western countries towards the "Welfare State" is denied; what has occurred, says the

new gospel, is simply that in some states the wealthy bourgeoisie has corrupted the top strata of the working class. The Social-Democratic parties of the West are the main props of the bourgeoisie, because they are "reformist" and not "revolutionary" parties. In fact, all political parties are only factions manipulated by the bourgeoisie,—not a compliment to the British Labour Party or the New Democratic Party of Canada. Despite their sins, however, the USSR is willing to co-operate with the Social Democratic parties for its own ends. The strongest condemnation is reserved for the "revisionist" Communist Party of Yugoslavia—the third Rome of Communism.

In contrast to the conflicts and disintegration of the Capitalist world, the Soviet system and the relations between "Socialist" countries are described in glowing terms. In the Soviet Union, the nationalities are said to have every opportunity for the development of their various cultures, and relations between "Socialist States" are supposedly based on freedom, equality, and friendly cooperation. Of course, nationalism is an enemy that must be wiped out, especially since it is the main instrument of "international reaction." What this means, in effect, is that while a considerable leeway for cultural development exists, any national feelings are repressed as undesirable. As for relations between the USSR and other "Socialist" countries, while these have undoubtedly been somewhat modified since Stalin's days, they do not remotely approach our concept of freedom. There is no doubt even in the minds of the Soviet government that free elections behind the Iron Curtain would mean a change of government.

There is much emphasis on the need for peace and on the role of the newly-free nations in Soviet foreign policy. Soviet alliance and cooperation with these states is even termed a "cornerstone" of the international policy of the Soviet Union. They must be won away from capitalist aid in order to help the USSR exert pressure on the Western Powers in favor of general disarmament and eternal peace.

The manifesto also proclaims Soviet willingness to support all pacifist and neutralist groups, whether bourgeois or not. Curiously enough, Lenin in 1919 had other views on this subject. In the party program of that year, he called general disarmament and pacifism "reactionary utopias," propagated by the bourgeoisie to distract the workers from the task of disarming their exploiters. It is also of some interest that while denying all real political influence to the working class in capitalist countries, the manifesto declares that in some states the workers could exert effective pressure on their governments for a change of policy, and that they could even seize power by parliamentary means. In this instance, Khrushchev follows Marx who had made an exception to his rule of inevitable revolution, for such advanced countries as Holland, Great Britain and the United States of America. In those countries, Marx held a peaceful evolution of Socialism to be possible through working class control of representative government. In extending this exception to the rule into a general principle, Khrushchev implicitly acknowledges what he vehemently denies elsewhere—the fact that democratic freedom does exist in "capitalist" countries. But of course, if there is no real democracy in capitalist states, then the prospects for a peaceful evolution towards Socialism on the Soviet model are not very hopeful.

THE MOST INTERESTING sections of the program are undoubtedly those which deal with the coming of the Communist era in Russia. The description of the imminent Communist Utopia has two aspects: its indebtedness to Marx and Lenin and its implicit admission that many of the benefits already promised in the Socialist era, have still not been realized. Among the latter can be listed the lag in agriculture, and the lower standard of living of the peasants on collective farms, the housing shortage and the shortages in consumer goods. As far as promised benefits are concerned, they include the extension of a complete high school education for all, free housing, transport, catering, heat, water and power, within the next twenty years, that is by 1981.

These goals are not new; they were part of Socialist thinking even before Marx. It was St. Simon, who first formulated the Socialist goal of social and economic development in the phrase: "From each according to his ability; to each according to his needs." According to Marx, when a Socialist regime had produced a classless society, there would be no need for the state, which would "wither away". We find this promise also in the new dispensation. There is a catch, however; the state is to survive until the "complete victory of Communism," that is, presumably, until the conquest of the world has been achieved. In this respect, the program is indebted to Stalin, who was forced to find some justification for the existence of the state in a Socialist society.

The chief novelty of the new dispensation is the time limit set for the realization of the Communist Utopia. How is it to be achieved in the brief span of twenty years? The key to this problem lies in gigantic increase of production which is projected for industry and agriculture, to the order of 500% for the former and of 250% for the latter by 1981. The question which immediately poses itself is whether these aims are realistic. There are three reasons for a negative answer. In the first place, the increase in production is based on the assumption of a great increase in labor productivity, and the planned increases in this field have not been realized in any previous five or six year plan. Secondly, the new draft states a double objective: the satisfaction of the country's defence needs and of the demand for consumer goods. The Soviet state has shown itself in the past to be incapable of fulfilling both these objectives simultaneously, and the consumer has always suffered. In any case, as long as the main object of Soviet industry will be the development of armaments, it is hard to see how the other production targets will be achieved. Thirdly, a 500% increase in industrial output within twenty years, would mean an average of 25% per annum. Khrushchev tells us that the increase over the first decade is to be 150%, or 15% per annum; apparently, then, the increase over the remaining second decade would amount to 35% per annum. To predict such rates of increase when the actual G.N.P. rate is around 6% is to wander in the realms of fantasy. Khrushchev himself in the *Seven Year Plan* set the industrial production increase for 1958-1965 at 8.6% per annum.

What then is the significance of the new draft program? To the Soviet citizen, the manifesto promises the long-awaited Utopia which, he is told, is just round the corner. It gives him a reassessment of Soviet goals in internal and external policy which has long been overdue. It is to intended reaffirm his faith in the Com-

munist dogma and inspire him to devote all his energies to the realization of the Communist ideal. As far as the outside world is concerned the program is primarily an instrument of propaganda designed to convince non-Communist states that the USSR desires peace while the "Imperialist" powers are "hatching" a third world war. The uncommitted nations are wooed and promised Soviet support if they abandon capitalist aid; the pacifists and neutralists are assured of Soviet support and understanding. It is more than doubtful whether Communism will be realized in the Soviet Union in 1981, but it is certain that the new program is the signal for an all-out effort to make the USSR both militarily and industrially the strongest power on the globe. Whether Khrushchev considers peace imperative for this goal, or whether he will abandon it for war, is his decision, and on it hinges the future of the world.

LOST VOICES

A milky vapour blinds the dome of fen;
Forgotten, out of mind, are hues and curves,
And lost is time, no star remembers when

Ghosts of themselves that tripped on snowy curves
Through luminous afternoon are peewits now,
A lost, a congregated crying, nerves

Of mind yet sentient, left enwalled somehow,
Somewhere, in terrors of a world long dead,
And vain and far as Sirius or the Plough

To them, a motor flickers, and has fled.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

NORTHERN APPROACHES

CANADA AND THE SEARCH FOR PEACE

BY JAMES EAYRS

The frightening problems implicit in the present disposition of world power are seen by James Eayrs from the Canadian viewpoint. He writes logically and fearlessly, but with an underlying sense of realistic optimism.

At your bookseller's \$4.25

MACMILLAN
OF CANADA

Six Poems

K. V. HERTZ

1

emerging from the
dostoevsky dark
of my dark dusted basement
monastery dark

i face the sunlight
with the irritability of a mole
i go to the field
where i sink in my teeth
and suck
on red tomatoes

2

to see my veins
out on the paper
like the inside skin of a tangerine
chicken-wire
or the eye of a fly;
the veins of
treebranch
shattering
the brisk and polished
lens of the sky in spring;
the tiny top crackskulled fissures
on the black face of road
smarting with the traction sand of winter,
the snow decayed;
the arteries
and veins within me
flattened out pulpy
emerging from a yellow plain
to a vegetable stump
and searching in the swollen sand
for moisture
around it.

3

in my room
i dampen out
the chilly suntime morning;
unventilate the room
with curtainmats and drapes;
there's a winebottle
i finished one afternoon
sipping chinese poems
and zentales
and i put the candle
behind it:
the room's green
like inside a cat's eye
in the coalroom
sometimes my hair catches
and it burns cremated
it burns and i brush out the
burned bristles and flush.

4

i draw the smoke
blue limpidopen
uncompressed
into the spaces of my body;
strange to think i'm hollow
have open spaces
in the places
i'd rather have entirely
filled
with skin and warm
wet pieces of my body
rather like a fleshy clam
pieces of sponge
and springy bone
than the empty hollow trunk
i am.

5

like scaly-painted
pterodactyls
airplanes used to fly
this way
blinking nights
to gaudy carnivals in flight;
now phantom jets
floating through the liquifying
air
pass above us,
hard and stiffened manta rays
without a sting.

6

steaming sky slushing
with the greasy burrows
of grass hairs as they squirm their ways
like rotten cancerous growths
into the fertile sky;
the sidewalk
solidly tunneling
its way into his sunny shoes
flowing without movements
into cool-heated eddies
of raging silence and stillness;
the sun rolling
in great tumultuous
balls of food-colouring
over the concrete
and settling
in a great pool
on the eye
of the sun
as snug as a bug in a bug

ARIEL F. SALLOW, Q.C. H. A. OSBORN, LL.B.
G. E. NOBLE, LL.B.

SALLOW, OSBORN & NOBLE
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS

5, 6 & 7 The New Craig Block
NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASKATCHEWAN

Nipples on the Newsstands

PAUL STANDING

►THE SKIN-BOOK REVOLUTION is a phenomenon, an encouraging and, it is to be hoped, an enduring one of the last half dozen years or so. Bosoms, covered or half covered, had formed the staple visual fare of Canadian newsstands for a generation or more, ever since Mae West and others had made them erotogenic in the early thirties, but for years it had seemed, to our despair, as if there were a maximum permissible exposure limit which definitely did not include any pictorial presentation of their pigmented promontories. For the break-through to open bosoms openly arrived at we had to await the advent of *Playboy*, *Swank Gent*, *Escapade*, *Caper*, *Rogue* and the rest of the skin-books.

Three factors made this development possible, and forced acceptance of the most striking features of these publishing ventures. The first was editorial courage. The second two were slick paper and full color. There is an aura of solid worth and respectability about coated paper which the skin-book editors have taken shrewd advantage of. Full color, besides having the same virtue of expense, contributes a deceptively artistic atmosphere to the finished bosom, just sufficient to divert the moralist yet not enough to discourage the scopophile. The point becomes clearer if we compare the skin-books with their newsstand neighbours, the "men's action" magazines. The editors of the latter still cling to black and white on pulp, and they still demurely cover their nipples and coyly invite their readers to send three dollars to receive, in a plain sealed envelope, what they could get in *Playboy* for fifty cents.

But without yet a fourth factor, a vacancy in the market, no editorial devices, however intelligent and however courageous, could have brought the skin-books to their present position. The process whereby this vacancy occurred is not easy to reconstruct, but seems to have happened in the following fashion. First, the editors of *Harper's* and the *Atlantic* began their titanic struggle, at time of writing still unresolved, to see which could produce the dullest paper. This left open the slot with the reader image of a middle-aged, literate yet not very demanding male, and *Esquire* gradually, almost imperceptibly, moved in. Or it may be that a magazine grows old along with its readers. In any case when, years later, *Esquire* published a long feature outlining for its public in great detail all the exotic delights that lay in store in, of all things, the *Times Literary Supplement*, we began to suspect the worst, and when a recent issue reviewed the "Lady Chatterly" trial without even using THE WORD, the truth could no longer be disguised. For *Esquire*, the periodical which had given us Petty's drawings, the "Petty Girls" which had done so much to raise the morale of our boys in the dark days of the war, the periodical which had pioneered the two-page detachable full color pin-up, for *Esquire* the protracted magazine menopause had run its painful course.

There was nostalgia but not real regret, for over half a decade now the former *Esquire* reader image, the racy, sporty, uninhibited undergraduate, has been

well taken care of in terms both of visual and literary content by the skin-books. More important, the successor to the actual reader of *Esquire*, as opposed to the reader image, has been for the first time not overlooked. The actual readers of *Esquire* were, as is well known, boys in grade eight who were trying to find out what women looked like with no clothes on. Contemporary grade-eight boys will never know to what straits their predecessors, as recently as ten years ago, were driven in conducting this facet of the search for truth. Canadian girls, the most ungenerous in the world, were of no help whatever. On the magazine racks the "Petty Girls" though delightfully complaisant were always in some measure clothed. *Sunbathing and Health* had its pictures of nudes but the significant data were always obscured. *Popular Photography* also featured nudes, but only the unpromising ones were ever portrayed with even so unsatisfactory a technique as black and white; for the really promising ones the publishers had developed a unique process: black and black. These two frustrating periodicals, both still in business, left the earnest seeker after enlightenment precisely where he started.

There are, it is true, those who felt, quite sincerely, that the dissemination of reliable even if only partial information about what women look like bare naked will have a deleterious effect on society. They point out that there are already three legitimate ways of acquiring this information: one can go to medical school, one can go to art school, or one can get married. The skin-books, they contend, strike at the very roots of these three socially valuable institutions. There is indeed some justification for the fear that with skin-books available for all, fewer boys will feel the call to go to medical school, the doctor shortage will become acute and the cost of health continue to climb. But fears of the effects on art and marriage are, if not absolutely groundless, at least not of the first importance. With a few honorable exceptions, Canadian artists never, after graduation, paint the naked models they went to art school to look at; they confine their mature attentions to the jack pine. Any decline in the institution of marriage, too, can be watched with unconcern by the growing number of people who feel, with the preamble to our Bill of Rights, that the family is the foundation of society, but view with less and less enthusiasm the society of which the family is the foundation.

More realistic is the fear, expressed even by some skin-book readers, that newsstand exposure of the bosom will result in a downgrading of that appendage. They point to the fact that a decade ago bosoms, though still concealed, had a predominant place in the imagination of every red-blooded Canadian, and that the bosom of that time was of proportions noble enough to merit this pride of position. "Where," they ask, "are the bosoms of yesteryear?", noting sadly that the contemporary ideal bosom is appreciably smaller than that of 1950, and that other feminine features have revived and are competing for attention, whereas the bosoms of 1950 had the field to themselves. This feeling must be resolutely combatted wherever it raises its head. It must be kept in mind that the bosoms of 1950 were so monumental as to be absolutely out of hand as well as, naturally, out of reach. Surely too, at a time when

the future of civilization itself is in doubt, bosom fanciers can extend the right hand of fellowship to those whose backgrounds lead them to a greater appreciation of other female protuberances. Surely, in these times of peril, we can sink our petty differences and strive together for the common good.

Yet another quibble, that a flood of cheap American bosoms is swamping the market and forcing the Canadian competition out of circulation, can be peremptorily dismissed. Parochialism of the narrowest sort, this view does not even take into consideration the question of whether Canadian women have bosoms. The latter have never, to the writer's knowledge, admitted to, let alone given palpable demonstration of, their possession of these items, and until this point is cleared up beyond a shadow of a doubt we would be unjustified even in pressing for skin-books with a 50 per cent Canadian content.

And what of the future? Will *Playboy* turn chicken and go the way of *Esquire*? Will the skin-book publishers rest content with the bosom, if necessary compensating for the ageing of their readers by gradually ageing their models? Or will they advance triumphantly to fresh woods and pastures new? If the latter, what a glorious vision of the future unfolds! For with the problem of what women look like finally and absolutely disposed of, grade-eight boys will, for the first time in recorded history, be able to give their complete attention to other matters, and the prospect opens up of senior matric at fourteen, a good doctorate at sixteen, a decent academic post, with tenure, at seventeen, and the foundation laid for a scholarly, literary and artistic renaissance which could make the twenty-first century indeed the century of Canada. For this prospect we have to thank the publishers of the skin-books; for this hope the publishers of the skin-books, like the breasts which it is their pleasure and pride to present, ought to be supported.

JEALOUSY

There is an orangutan inside of me
And he jumps excitedly
When you throw your piranha eye
At me with scorpions affection.
Take me apart,
One onion skin at a time,
Only please dont
Whittle me away with your eye
As you would
A hunk of wood.

JOE ROSENBLATT

FRUSTRATED

No sirens on this rock
only a bit of seaweed
and a dead fish.

Though I lie on the beach all day,
no King's daughter comes to play;
I think they must have had something more than
straight noses,
those old Greeks.

PHILIP HILDRED

Correspondence

The Editor:

I am afraid Dr. Blair Neatby got most of his impressions of the New Democratic Party convention at second hand, and was perhaps a little too trustful.

In the first place, biculturalism was not an issue. It was fully recognized in the draft program, in whose formulation (a prolonged process) French Canadians certainly had ample opportunity to take part. If the fairly numerous, and very able, French Canadians on the National Committee did not avail themselves of the opportunity, I can only confess my astonishment. I know several of them, and such passivity is not in character.

Second, the amendment to the party constitution which Dr. Neatby refers to did not simply "substitute 'federal' for 'national' wherever it appeared" in that document. It substituted "federal" for "national" in thirty-odd places; but in another thirty-odd it simply struck out the word "national," without replacing it by anything (with some rather inane results).

No one, as far as I know, objected to the substitution. Some of us objected to the deletion. Why? Chiefly because it was avowedly part of a general scheme to make the New Party deny the existence of the Canadian nation, and affirm instead that there is not one nation but two: a French-Canadian nation and an English-Canadian nation in a bi-national State. Dr. Neatby need not take my word for this. He can find it spread large in the printed resolutions, and in the resolutions on the party programme which M. Chartrand actually moved.

No one, as far as I know, objected to the French Canadians calling themselves a "nation" in the ethnic and cultural sense. No one objects to the Scots and the Welsh doing it either. But this does not mean that the United Kingdom must call itself a "tri-national State," or that the National Executive of the British Labour Party must stop calling itself "national." "Nation" and "national" can be, and are, properly used in both a political sense and an ethnic and cultural sense in English as in French.

Mr. Brockelbank did base his explanation of the proposed changes in the party constitution on the alleged difference in meaning between the English and French words; and this does seem to imply "that the amendment was only a question of translation." This is, of course, nonsense; but it was not poor Mr. Brockelbank's nonsense. He was only repeating what the bi-nationalists told us over and over again.

Dr. Neatby says that I should have been "aware of the French Canadian outlook." What "French Canadian outlook"? Which of the great leaders of French Canada has ever pronounced this theory that there is no Canadian nation, just a French Canadian nation and an English Canadian one? Cartier? Langevin? Chapleau? Bourassa? Lapointe? St. Laurent? Duplessis? Lesage? The fact that some French Canadians hold a particular view does not make it "the" French Canadian view.

Dr. Neatby says I used my "extensive English vocabulary to vilify the amendment" to the party constitution "as silly, preposterous, absurd idiocy." His quotations are not altogether accurate; I did not use the word "preposterous," not the expression "absurd idiocy"; I did not use the English word "absurd" at all. I made

three speeches on this general subject. The first, and longest, was in French, another point Dr. Neatby ignores; in that speech I used the words "absurde" and "ridicule."

What is more important, I did not, as Dr. Neatby implies, confine myself to "invective," "sprightly" or otherwise. I appealed to the French Canadian Fathers of Confederation, who repeatedly spoke of creating "a new nation, a new and powerful nation, a new nationality," and never of "two nations" in a "bi-national state." In response to Mr. Brockelbank's heartrending tale of French Canadians "hurt" and "wounded" by the English word "national," I asked, "Since when? Are we to understand that every time a French Canadian boards a train and sees 'Canadian National Railways' on it, he goes into a dead faint? What about the 'National Harbours Board,' and the 'Department of National Health and Welfare'? Is Switzerland not a nation?" I asked if "national" was to become "a dirty word" in this new party. I asked how a bi-national state could be a member of the United Nations.

Dr. Neatby does not seem to realize what the theory of "two nations, not one" logically leads to. A "bloc-note" in *le Devoir* a few days after the convention could enlighten him. Its author hails the convention decisions as a complete victory for the theory, and announces, perfectly logically, that they mean there will now be two New Parties, a French Canadian one and an English Canadian one, each stretching from coast to coast, and "co-operating in a federal council." "Each of the two parties will interpret the program as a function of its mentality and its needs."

"If 'national' must be struck from the constitution of the New Democratic Party, and from most of its program, then, by the same token, it must be struck from the names of all agencies of the deceased Canadian nation whenever it appears: no more National Research Council, National Gallery, National Library, National Film Board, National Productivity Council, National Employment Service, National Defence. No more 'Gross National Product' either. No 'national flag' or 'national anthem.' And of course no 'national unity,' that phrase so beloved of Mr. Mackenzie King, whose Life Dr. Neatby is now writing.

EUGENE FORSEY

Summer Cinema in New York

JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO

► IN NEW YORK you can expect to pay admission charges ranging from seventy-five cents to two dollars. You can expect to see your films in complete comfort, in completely reconditioned avant-garde air-conditioned art cinemas, or in the claustrophobic average-sized older houses on Times Square which cater to the tourist trade. The new theatres in New York are no longer being built along the lines of mammoth opera houses. Many theatre managers are finding it profitable to cater to comfort and prestige, with the result that they have dispensed with the confectionary bars.

The latest New York innovation has resulted in the disappearance of the little man who used to tear the tickets in two. Now the patron purchases admission without receiving a receipt: he passes through a turnstile which is regulated by the cashier, much in the way

one enters a subway. There are theatres such as the Trans-Lux where only newsreels and short subjects are shown, but these are shown continuously fifteen hours a day, six days a week. There is also a large chain of art cinemas, run by Rogoff, which offers only two showings daily. The freest show is the best of all, and it is by a Canadian. Overlooking Times Square a continuous strip marquee advertises the beauties of Quebec, with the graphics and the travelling, blinking lights devised by Norman McLaren.

The current New York movies are not particularly distinguished, although to judge from the newspaper reviewers' phrases plastered on marquees, one would expect that the greatest masterpieces of all times are being exhibited. A number of the films now playing do have European film festival awards, but even the worst film today seems to manage some festival mention in a foreign country. The real attraction of New York, however, is its constant flow of revivals. At any time you can see any number of recent or ancient, foreign or American films, ranging from "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" to "The Secrets of Woman". But here are some recent New York films, which will soon be released for Canadian exhibition.

"The Truth". The best part of this Brigitte Bardot film is the five-minute introduction by its director Georges Cluzot. Between lighting his pipe and mixing iced tea, Cluzot explains that French criminal law differs from English criminal law in that the former has, in effect, two prosecutors. Consequently the amoral Bardot is indicted from two sides and defended from only one. Her crime was a crime of passion: shooting the young musician she either hated or loved. "The Truth" has an epic quality to it, as most court-room dramas have, but the trick ending, while dramatically necessary, seems to beg and particularize the question. Bardot gives a convincing performance, but "The Truth" is a sleeper—most of the highlights were probably amorous, and ended their transatlantic trip in the censor's office.

"Rocco and His Brothers". This film, directed by Luchino Visconti, received "22 major awards". It is an Italian soap-opera which ranges from scenes of sexual violence to familial tenderness. Rocco's mother and four brothers leave the poverty of southern Italy for Milan, where each of the brothers takes a different turn. The film is memorable for its amazing emotional outbursts and its stark realism, but it is a poor man's "La Dolce Vita".

"Breakfast at Tiffanys". This is the only Technicolor Hollywood film of the lot. Audrey Hepburn plays Holly Golightly of Truman Capote's novelette. She catches the pace of the original, but Hollywood has glamorized the setting and proceedings to make the comparison with Fellini's masterpiece necessary: a Manhattan "La Dolce Vita". The vignettes of New York street life and the peripheral character studies are extremely exact and humorous. The young struggling novelist unfortunately turns out to be the hero and to Capote's chagrin gets the girl in the New York rain.

"L'Avennatura". Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, this is a superb film in intent and execution, but it is a long and difficult one, much like "Hiroshima, Mon Amour", individualistic and demanding. A wealthy socialite unaccountably disappears while vacationing with her friends and lover on an inhabitable Italian island. Everyone begins to search for her and each in his or her own way discovers what she represents. Although she is never heard of again, her presence dominates the rest

of the film. The acting and plot are subservient to the poetic atmosphere of the whole, but "L'Avenntura", the adventure, is a difficult film to treat in a perfunctory manner, since very little of the incident lends itself to description. "L'Avenntura" gives the illusion at the time that what is happening is as important as revelation.

Three Poems

IRVING LAYTON

WHOM I WRITE FOR

When reading me, I want you to feel
as if I had ripped your skin off;
Or gouged out your eyes with my fingers;
Or scalped you, and afterwards burnt your hair
in the staring sockets; having first filled them
with fluid from your son's lighter.
I want you to feel as if I had slammed
your child's head against a spike;
And cut off your member and stuck it in your
wife's mouth to smoke like a cigar.

For I do not write to improve your soul;
or to make you feel better, or more humane;
Nor do I write to give you new emotions;
Or to make you proud to be able to experience them
or to recognize them in others.
I leave that to the fraternity of lying poets
— no prophets, but toadies and trained seals!
How much evil there is in the best of them
as their envy and impotence flower into poems
And their anality into love of man, into virtue:
Especially when they tell you, sensitively,
what it feels like to be a potato.

I write for the young man, demented,
who dropped the bomb on Hiroshima;
I write for Nasser and Ben Gurion;
For Khrushchev and President Kennedy;
for the Defence Secretary
voted forty-six billions for the extirpation
of humans everywhere.
I write for the Polish officers machine-gunned
in the Katyn forest;
I write for the gassed, burnt, tortured,
and humiliated everywhere;
I write for Castro and tse-Tung, the only poets
I ever learned anything from;
I write for Adolph Eichmann, compliant clerk
to that madman, the human race;
For his devoted wife and loyal son.

Give me words fierce and jagged enough
to tear your skin like shrapnel;
Hot and searing enough to fuse
the flesh off your blackened skeleton;
Words with the sound of crunching bones or bursting
eyeballs;
or a nose being smashed with a gun butt;
Words with the soft plash of intestines
falling out of your belly;
Or cruel and sad as the thought which tells you, 'This
is the end'
And you feel Time oozing out of your veins
and yourself becoming one with the weightless dark.

THERE WERE NO SIGNS

By walking I found out
Where I was going.

By intensely hating, how to love.
By loving, whom and what to love.

By grieving, how to laugh from the belly.

Out of infirmity, I have built strength.
Out of untruth, truth.
From hypocrisy, I weaved directness.

Almost now I know who I am.
Almost I have the boldness to be that man.

Another step
And I shall be where I started from.

FOR ALEXANDER TROCCHI

And you, Alexander Trocchi,
high on the seas,
innocent Christ on the lam,
charged fugitive:
as the blue waves surged across the deck
did you believe them constabulary
flashing their sudden badges
to nab you before you could jab
the Father's peace into your veins?
And when the sky ejaculated stars
over its solitary pitching bed
did you hold the captains at bay?
At nervous needlepoint compel
the ship toward listless harbors
where tropical purple waves
lift forever their enchanting poppies?
Did you finally run
smack into the arm of the Almighty,
and was his arm scarred too?

I hope, Trocchi, before you die
the ancestral monkey on your back
will switch into the Most High;
give you his convulsed vein
to jab it full of heroin
and letting you lead his penitent hand
across your pocked and exiled face,
indite for each scared Jack of us
a truer version of Creation
—your first masterpiece!

FIRST OF THE GREATER STORMS

Meteor rock, neutral:
Not rock of primary meridian source,
Of which deposit some remains.
Meteor rock blue, red-edged,
Spinning southeast rapidly; course
Altering with west wind. The sun
Ascending in a wobbling spiral
And wrapped in a thin cloud. Pledged
To stand by for any emergency—
Wilson and Norfolk. Meanwhile
The women will move in a file
With coffee for the survivors.
The sounds of the sea like zithers
But wings in a storm seem musical
Often, as they swoop, dive, rise, fall.

TRACY THOMPSON

The Ice Floes

SHORT STORY BY HILDA KIRKWOOD

► THE BUICK FILLED with overdressed ladies glided out of the last driveway and out on to the Highway. Conflicting odors of perfume filled the interior, there was a nodding of flowered hats and a rustle of silks, as the passengers sank back to enjoy their trip to the city. All except the driver. She sat bolt upright clutching the wheel and straining a bit for better vision. It was a busy road. Young Mrs. Morrison, Mary, at just over thirty was inclining to stoutness. Her legs were short and it was a bit of a stretch to the floor pedals, but as her father had reminded her when he gave her the car, he could not afford to let his daughter be included among the careless class of people who zipped about in those little foreign cars even although, he admitted, they *did* cost less to drive. Finally after edging over to give a wider berth to a passing truck, Mary too relaxed a bit.

"I'm so glad you suggested this trip Estelle." Estelle Anderson, beside her, was the only member of the party who did not belong to Mary's Bridge Club.

"I just never get to the city anymore, except for Roy's office party and the odd shopping trip—Oops nearly missed that light—I keep telling myself I must Make the Effort. There's *so much* on now—I mean the Ballet, and everything," she concluded a little lamely. "But you know how it is—there's so much at *home* too."

"Yes I know." Estelle knew all too well. She spoke sympathetically.

"What with Home and School and Mental Health Association and the W.A. at the Church, and then there's always The Family. I really don't know how some people do these other things like going in to Plays and all. Now take cousin Kate—"

You take her, thought Estelle, I don't want her.

"Kate is so intellectual. I almost envy her. Even when she takes her children out on picnics they all take magnifying glasses and little note-books. And when she and her husband go in to the city to those foreign directed films, why Kate understands all those *symbols* and things."

At this point they merged in to the four lane traffic and Mary devoted the greater part of her attention to driving. For a mile or so she gave up conversation. Estelle drew on her cigarette and read the sign which said SQUEEZE RIGHT. She imagined what would happen if Mary obeyed it, and could hear the sickening crunch of fenders. She reminded herself to order seat-belts for their own modest family car. She looked out at the cold teal blue of the Lake in its early spring mood and mused for a while on the subject of Mary and her Family. Family, thought Estelle, it's a whole Damn Clan—a Tribe, and in this day and age. Why those anthropologists from the University should come out to Flouertown if they want to study tribal customs—they just *use* Mary because she's so darned loyal and good-natured—she has all the responsibilities of a tribal mother without the status—all on account of her confounded loyalty!

"As I was saying about cousin Kate, she's such a *brain*. Of course she *did* go to the College of Art and her husband is a High School teacher. You know—not like our husbands—business men are different."

Poor Mary, thought Estelle, the machinations of her



JUST PUBLISHED

by

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

PAUL BUNYAN

THREE LINCOLN POEMS
& OTHER VERSE

with a drawing by

THOREAU MACDONALD

Limited Edition; Price \$3.00 Postpaid

IN THIS VOLUME, the first substantial collection since *THIS GREEN EARTH* in 1953, Arthur S. Bourinot has gathered, not all but many of his poems which have seemed more or less popular (by reason of wide distribution), if that word can be used in connection with poetry, and that have appeared in anthologies and school books in Canada, the U.S.A., the United Kingdom, and other countries. Most of them were included in volumes now out of print. An original drawing by the Canadian artist, Thoreau MacDonald, illustrates the poem, *SHADOWS*. The jacket drawing depicts Paul Bunyan as seen by the author. The book was designed by William Colgate who supervised its production.

Copies may be ordered from the author, Arthur S. Bourinot,
290 Acacia Avenue, Rockcliffe, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

male relatives reach from the suburbs to the city and right down to Queen's Park and *she* can't even buy a new dress without wondering what the comments will be at the next family clam bake. They're always having family clam bakes too just as if they weren't all too well fed already, and they expect Mary to do most of the work.

The chatter from the back seat crescendoed. Molly Hill, the wife of a prosperous doctor, was holding forth. "All this talk about Canadians not reading. We decided to do something about it. So we bought ten books. Among us, of course, and then we passed them around. We didn't like most of them, and that one Frances got was just plain dirty, wasn't it Fran?"

Frances, a glamorous blonde, impatient at not doing the driving herself, for she almost lived in a convertible, adjusted her stole and admonished Molly to tell the girls about it.

"Well its about this girl whose husband left her, and he goes away and forgets who he is out there, and he paints. He's penniless of course. He's always wanted to paint. Then she goes travelling herself because she's humiliated and anyway, she's well-heeled, and then she meets this artist and he's all mixed up and so she wants to help him," here Molly drew a breath—"so she puts on this *show* for him."

"Show!" shrieked Caroline Grey suspiciously. "What kind of show?" Caroline was very leery of Culture, but she was trying hard. Her hair, once blonde, was now bleached. Her features hardened by The Climb were matched with a raucous voice. When it came to clothes she somehow managed to look like a teen-ager on the old age pension. Her husband, a clever man, was scaling the industrial ladder fast and had recently been appointed to his U.S. firm's Board of Directors. As Caroline was often heard to say in the bosom of her family, "by God, if George is going, I'm going too." Her more gentele neighbours had got over the shock of her really bad manners and accepted her into their Bridge Club. They said in extenuation that she had a heart of gold. Besides she was a good cook and gave large parties fairly frequently.

"What kind of a show did she put on for him?" Caroline demanded again sharply.

"An art show, Carrie, an Exhibition, of course." Everyone shrieked with titillated glee.

Caroline decided to save face announcing that her older girl was going to study MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL in school this term. "Funny thing to teach kids. I never did see the play but I read the novel once."

Estelle could stand it no longer. She half turned. "To go back to that book 'Jungle Sun' you were discussing girls, I did not approve of that woman's treatment of her husband in the story. My sympathies were all with that poor, psychologically castrated male."

"Estelle, you're joking. How can you be so unfair to Your Own Sex? Why that poor woman is *deserted* by that *brute*. She gives him the best years of her life and then—off he goes."

"Just like a man," put in Frances coldly.

"Estelle how can you defend such a character? What do you mean?"

"In simple language I mean that women who hen-peck their husbands like she did deserve to be deserted. I mean what Flanders and Swann say in their song EATING PEOPLE IS WRONG, and its wrong no matter how you do it." Estelle, flushed with the excitement of

her own daring plunged on recklessly, knowing full well that she would pay and pay.

"You know what I mean, you've all seen women who consume their husbands and children, well—psychologically I mean—" she was suddenly out of steam.

"Estelle," said Molly firmly, "you're just being Unfair to Women."

"No I'm not, and if a woman writer has a mind like that I wish she wouldn't spew it out in the form of a novel."

The Bridge Club were shocked into disapproving silence. The trouble with Estelle was she insisted on being different. Never would agree with people. Outwardly they thought she seemed normal enough. Came of a good family—didn't dress like a freak—but you couldn't trust her. Why, she wouldn't even join the Bridge Club and it wasn't as if she didn't know all about the Waiting List. Molly made a mental note to ask Mary not to include her in the next outing—even if she did have some clues to give them. They could take Kate.

They were nearing the city. Irate commuters who knew the turns honked now and then at their stately progress in the midst of urgency, and excitement began to take possession.

"This art exhibit we're going to, we won't stay too long I hope Mary." Frances wriggled a bit, "I know the nicest little tea shop we can go to afterward. Not too expensive, girls, but none of that broken down peasant atmosphere."

Mary held the wheel resolutely. The flower on her hat nodded in agreement and agitation. She had borrowed the hat from her sister who was a spendthrift on clothes. Since Mary herself hardly ever went further than the church, she preferred to put her extra money into good safe stocks.

It's hard to believe, mused Estelle, that I used to think nothing of taking the train a hundred miles to see an exhibit like this—I guess I'm slipping.

They entered the gallery. The big arches of the sculpturecourt seemed to dwarf the Flowertown Bridge Club. They stood about in a tight little cluster at first and except for Estelle, they half-wished they were back at home, where when they went out they were accustomed to dominate the scene.

"You know about Art and things, Estelle, what is all this fuss about Eskimo art anyway? Is it that good?"

"Well," said Estelle, hesitating, "it's the product of a life so different from ours—look at that picture, see how it describes the coldness—the bareness—the hardness of their lives, somehow, it's so right—" she gave up feebly, forcibly aware that she was getting nowhere.

They strolled around a bit. Caroline was distracted by a picture of Royalty in the corridor.

"Just look at that, doesn't she look just like Victoria did when she was young? Isn't she just wonderful?"

Just in time she remembered where she had seen the picture of the young Victoria which she recalled so clearly, thank goodness she hadn't started to describe it. It was the rotogravure clipping tacked up in an out-building at home on the prairie. She tore herself away.

Molly asked her if she had heard about the exhibit which was coming next.

"I don't think I'd like it. It's by that fellow who cut off his ear, isn't it? Revolting."

Estelle looked carefully at the designs of snow geese, hunters simply and powerfully represented, she noted the spatial feeling of the designs and the masterful selection of essentials. But the pictures were cold.

"Ugh," said Frances who would have been more at home in one of the more ostentatious periods of the French courts. "I don't see why anyone makes a fuss about this—now when I was in Europe—"

"These Eskimos sound dreadful to me," Molly put in. "I read a book about them once—it said they pick their noses—can you imagine? And the way they treat their old people! Putting them out on the ice floes. Why I should think they'd die of shame."

Too busy dying of starvation thought Estelle.

"Leaving them to float out into that ghastly Arctic Ocean to be frozen or starved to death. What terrible people—no wonder I don't care for this stuff"—she airily indicated the rest of the exhibit.

"It's only when food is scarce I understand," Mary got her information from missionary bulletins, "and the government these days—"

Caroline was determined to be cheerful about a situation which was distant at best.

"Oh well, Evil is the Mother of Necessity. I'm glad I'm not any old Eskimo; I'm glad I'm civilized."

She was helping Molly into her lamb jacket which caused Molly to wonder whether the roast she had ordered to be cooked for dinner was going to be big enough for her company. This Eskimo talk bothered her though—

"I don't suppose they starve much nowadays, and anyway the ice-floe bit was only when there was a choice between the young and the old having enough to eat."

"Let's go girls," Caroline clutched her bag and led the way. "I like the pictures up at Eaton's better anyway."

Only Estelle cast a wistful look back. She would probably not be able to arrange another visit.

The drive home was uneventful, the excitement of the culture hunt subsided but they were pleased with themselves. They had Made the Effort, and at the next supper meeting of the Club they would be able to tell the others All About Eskimo Art. They were glad they had been told by Mary's cousin who was very clever and worked in a gallery or something, not to miss it.

Mary couldn't help feeling just a little exhilarated at the prospect of having One Up on Katie. *She* hadn't been to the exhibition yet.

When they entered the home stretch the traffic thinned out. Mary talked quietly to Estelle in the front seat.

"Did I tell you about Aunt Tish?"

Estelle knew that the resentment Mary banked up against her Family's domination and which she was too polite and too well disciplined to resist openly was concentrated on her mother's older sister. This woman, widowed young, had lived most of her life with Mary's parents when their children were small, pouring cold water on all the enthusiasms of the young from the time Mary could remember, and her husband had been an important person in a small town; she had never lost the manner. Now in her old age she had become too difficult for the others and they had eased her way into a small apartment where she had been living of late with her cat.

"No, what has she done now, dear?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? The neighbours in the apartment house got worried. She kept leaving the stove on, and things. We had to take her to the Old People's Home."

Estelle tried not to seem surprised. She thought of the Clan's houses, the apartments, the businesses, and of Aunt Tish's own income, surely sufficient to provide nursing care.

"You *did*? Could she not have been cared for in her own place?"

"No. It's just too expensive. She might live a long time you know. Her estate would be eaten up."

"How did she feel about it?"

"Well, you know, she didn't *want* to go. But she knew they were going to help her there. I had to take her of course. It's always me. So I drove her up the back roads and pretended we were going for a drive. She has been getting pretty vague and fuddled poor thing. I finally got her there. She wouldn't even take her coat off, so I just had to hand her over to the man in charge and then I left. He's awfully good with them they say."

"You just left her there?"

"Of course—I had to. Mother couldn't bear to do it. And the man says we're not to go to see her too often. Mother went the first week and it just got her all upset. She just keeps standing in the hall with her coat on. He says he can't do anything with her. She won't mix with the others, though some of them are very nice people. She always did feel superior you know. She insists we're coming for her, and she won't talk to anyone."

Mary stopped the car outside Estelle's gate. There were gay good-byes from the back seat.

"Thanks so much, so much—"

Estelle got out of the car with a sigh of relief. The cold of the early spring evening wrapped itself around her. She noticed that the wind was from the north. She thought of the ice-floes.

BOARDWALK

Men with their wives in penguin pairs
flap footing down the walk
bright screaming kids, loud silver fish
darting from talk to talk;
old gladiators from two wars
blear eyed and weather frayed,
small islands on their slatted bancs
waiting their last parade.

Young leatherjackets — pallid, slim
hard lipped and marble eyed,
on spider legs, in twos and threes
with wings akimboe-d wide.
Lolitas — cow eyed, swivel hipped
blue bubble gummed and bright,
parade their heat from male to male
nor fear the mettled night.

A Mama-san with sloe eyed brood —
carved blossoms from the East,
a nordic blonde with brother? Son?
a calm eyed, bearded priest;
a florid man with arid wife
hard mouthed and lean of jaw,
a bittered man with eyes of steel,
two minions of the law.

A stringy dog with jaunty air
pad-padding, eyes alert
wet nosing at a sleeker bitch
delousing in the dirt;
the lame, the bold, the sobersides,
the sadist and the sly,
each passing each nor seeing in
the other's hungry eye.

JAY AMES

Turning New Leaves

► THE DUTCH SOCIOLOGIST Frederick L. Polak, whose enormous book *The Image of the Future* was published recently under the auspices of the Council of Europe and now appears in English translation,* combines something of Eilert Lovborg, something of George Tesman. In Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* the brilliant young scholar Lovborg put all his best ideas into an exciting and original and short study of the future. Hedda burnt the manuscript and precipitated Lovborg's death, but from memory of a reading and from recovered notes her husband Tesman undertook to reproduce the book. We may imagine patient George documenting and explaining Lovborg's epigrams and eventually producing 824 pages not unlike these.

If I urge readers to stay the course, and I do, I should tell them fairly what the obstacles are. The book suffers from a slow, creaking inception, replete with summaries and promises. There is, too, a deafening riot of proof-reader's errors, which is only brought under control in the second volume. But the main trouble lies in the fact that an arresting, provocative, largely convincing thesis has been presented with such fullness that the alert reader looks for and finds omissions everywhere, and with so liberal a draft from the author's personal opinions on theology, philosophy, politics, and the arts, that the same wretched reader, never allowed to draw his own conclusions, tries at least to stop the monologue by finding objections to the argument. If Will Durant had not been summoned to stand duty as an authority, one would be less aware of the absence of J. B. Bury, Lovejoy and Boas, and (except for one late footnote) Carl Becker — all of whom have had much to say on the idea of progress and the image of the future. If the author had not boldly asked, "Who can complete a life's work in the one-day lifetime of our butterfly-existence?" one would not have been goaded to reply, "Joyce can, and Jung, and Barth, and Churchill, and Matisse and Russell." And when he comes to discuss, with intense moral disapproval, certain nihilist trends in modern art, who should he name as moderns but Stravinsky and Picasso? Two of the oldest men in the world!

Now you know the worst. Balance that immediately with the good news that the book is written in human language, not the special vocabulary of the sociologist. Polak addressed the average intelligent man, as Spengler and Toynbee did; and if his chapters read like nothing more than very solid and cogent academic lectures, they are no less than that and never descend to Spengler's seductive and inhuman eloquence or Toynbee's turgid mystification.

It is the business of the mind to begin work at the point of major insight, Professor Polak observes. His major insight is this: that the most important single factor in cultural history has been the conflict and interplay, in society and within the mind, between the present temporal world and the Other Time, the "image of the future." Utopia — taken in its widest sense to include any not-impossible vision of a good life in this world, whether religious or secular, a republic of science and learning or the "golden world" of the poet

and the painter — has been the main force in the movement of civilization. After centuries, after millennia (partly, it is argued, as a result of an unresolvable war of attrition between the prophetic and the eschatological aspects of Christianity) the Western World has reached a final crisis in which its image of the future seems to have failed and the tree of culture seems to be dying in all its branches. The most startling symptom of this failure is the fact that all our modern utopias, such as *Brave New World* and *Nineteen Eighty Four*, are anti-utopias. But Polak gives more than a history of utopian and anti-utopian thought. He argues with much cogency that the dispiriting phenomenon in current theology known as demythologizing is essentially an abandonment of hope for the New Jerusalem in the Last Times and that it empties the great storehouse of images, the Bible. He argues that existentialism is characterized chiefly by a refusal to allow a distinction between the present momentary predicament (existence-to-the-death) and any conceivable Other Time; that the new conservatism of the right and the "piecemeal social engineering" of the left alike imply an acceptance of present arrangements as more or less permanent; that painting from the time of the Impressionists, for all its bewildering variety of styles and schools, has concerned itself either with the fleeting glimpse of the moment or with timeless abstraction, to the exclusion of the light of hope with which a Rembrandt irradiates his world; and that depth-psychology, in seeking to reconcile the child of light and the child of darkness in each man and disallowing any contrast between the present and the future self, actually inhibits the building of the city of the future and throws us defenceless into the jungle of the present. By the end of the book the cultural leaders of our time stand arraigned, along with every kind of time-server and sick joker, as enemies of the human race.

The Image of the Future is a prophetic book — or rather, just a little sub-prophetic. Unlike the prophets of old, Polak is all preachment and no praise, all alarm and no promise. His references to "Happy America" have the patronizing and ironic tone of the European intellectual, but he did not, apparently, allow for the possibility of last year's re-entry of a chastened utopianism into American politics. He sees that the vision of the future wise man (that is, the good sociologist) has too often dwindled into mere trend-extrapolation by advertising consultants and university hirelings, and yet so melodramatically does he himself extrapolate trends that an unsuspecting reader of Polak would form a conception of modern man as reading Bultmann and Heidegger and Erich Neumann, retreating from politics, saving no money and begetting no children. The image of the future is livelier in suburbia, especially academic suburbia, than he suspects.

To balance these two thumping big volumes I recommend — as well, not instead — two little books by Josef Pieper, *Leisure the Basis of Culture* and *The End of Time*.

WILLIAM BLISSETT.

Books Reviewed

THE SWINGING FLESH: Irving Layton; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 189; cloth \$4.50, paper \$2.65.

Mr. Layton's new book affects this reader like an explosion of anger from someone he doesn't know he

*THE IMAGE OF THE FUTURE; Frederick L. Polak; Oceana, New York; 2 volumes, \$12.50

has offended. The ten stories inflict a succession of heavy kicks and blows. The poems that follow come like a fusillade of iron saucepans, chamber pots and good hand-painted china. The foreword makes clear that the assault is intentional.

To what end? Mr Layton has great natural abilities. "These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation; and are of power beside the office of a pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune, to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works . . ."

The world of the stories is a sad and dirty place. Relations between people are uniformly unhappy: "we all exist, even mothers and sons, for each other's petty triumphs." The larger frame of life's reference is meaningless: "only death, coming down like a merciless hammer, would ever smash the ugly die of his brain." In the living room appear "ill tempered plants that looked as if they would snap off your hands if you came too near." The reader quickly comes to share the dislike Mr Layton feels for his characters and their own distaste for each other and for their surroundings.

In theory one should feel a cathartic pity for all these victims of a disordered world, the frustrated females (one cannot call them women), the writers *manqués*, the confused and disheartened boys, victims of violent and oppressive life. But nothing stirs in the imagination. It is perhaps unfair to invoke Turgenev here, but think of his "Bezhin Meadow" story and the boy Pavel, unprepossessing with his enormous head, pock-marks and stumpy body, but strong and brave, riding out quickly after a wolf without even a stick in his hand. Before the year is out, "killed by a fall from a horse," yet living ever afterwards in one's sympathies and in the recurrent pang at the memory of his loss.

Mr Layton's foreword is worth reading. He sees his fellow men as compounded of vanity, egotism and malice. They have created a milieu in which it is "difficult for the high-spirited to live joyously." The poet in such a society "can only curse." And the damned academics, totally incapable of understanding his mind and art, his role as prophet and critic, are among his worst enemies. He can choose suicide or silence. "He can also curse: curse long and loud and unceasing. Curse like the incomparable Timon of Athens. And—he can bless. For the bonfire still burns brightly."

The bonfire does indeed burn up in the poetry. Around, through and in the midst of the flames Mr. Layton leaps higher than any other Canadian we know. Some of the pieces are trivial, some bad-tempered; some, even of the best, are in outrageous bad taste. But, as usual, a half-dozen celebrate the blood beating in the body, celebrate it with the cry (so rare in this cold north) of genuine exuberance, celebrate it in fluid phrases memorable because no others seem to fit—

William Blake spied the vanishing heel,
Made all the white stars in heaven reel.
I heard his wild, dismayed shout.
Rib by rib Urizen lugged me out.

These lines are from "I know the dark and hovering moth", which together with "The day Aviva came to Paris" and "Why I don't make love to the First Lady" are by themselves worth the price of admission to Mr Layton's theatre.

Another piece, "The fictive eye", is worth remembering because of its conclusion, euphemistic but let us hope and pray prophetic,—

Remove, Venus,
your urgent hand from my thigh
and let me rise:
let me go
to caress my exalted destiny.

Rise up, Irving Layton! The wild boar is waiting, with the promise of death and resurrection.

ROY DANIELLS

THE LAUGHING STORM: Henry Moscovitch; Promethean Publishing House, 5764 Eldridge Avenue, Montreal; pp. 45; \$1.50.

Henry Moscovitch understands the basic nature of poetry, which is something that many aspiring poets never come to do. His best poems communicate the depths of living experience, so that in reading them one feels the force and beauty of the experience which created them. And he knows how to convey experience in its universal context, so that his best poems always mean more than they say. I think he is on the right track, trying to do what has to be done if poetry is to retain any of its traditional vigor. Moscovitch is neither what Kenneth Rexroth calls a "cornbelt metaphysician" wearing a death mask of Yeats nor a bored reactionary against the affluent middle classes who believes that poetry consists of one part Reich, one part marijuana and one part hysteria. For the most part his poems do what poetry is supposed to do: communicate by indirection that which can't be communicated directly and draw aside the mask so that, for a searing instant, one human being looks into another's naked soul and sees his experience according to its human rather than its aesthetic values. When people talk of aesthetics they usually mean old, dead beauty. A living poet should concern himself with beauty that is vibrant and alive.

I have loved you, girl,
Silently have I loved you
As I dared not speak
For fear that you'd mock me . . .

And now that I've begun to speak,
By my dumb words
I spoiled it all.
Christ, for such silly awkward words
I well deserve no love at all.

Moscovitch's worst poems are those in which he flails the academics.

Now, professor,
you will not wonder
at the vulgar notes
my poems might have.

This sort of thing suggests a sense of resentment and inferiority. And there is no need of a poet of Moscovitch's gifts feeling inferior. No doubt certain types of academic poetry and criticism speak with a castrato's voice. But there isn't much point in pinning artificial phalluses on dolls.

The first poem I quoted (in part) was entitled "Error," the second "Explanation." In future, I hope that Moscovitch writes more "Errors" and fewer "Explanations."

ALDEN NOWLAN

SOUTH AFRICAN PREDICAMENT; F. P. Spooner; Clarke Irwin; pp. 288; \$4.75.

The author, a white South African of mixed English and Afrikaner descent, directs the reader's attention to the deterioration of race relations in the Union and to the consequent necessity of infusing white leadership in that country with a sense of realism and responsibility before repression triggers off a racial explosion. A paternalist in the Colonial Office tradition, Mr. Spooner defines a just system of government as firmness backed by fairness (. . . "the Africans will respond to such treatment . . . "). He argues that the narrow doctrines of racial privilege pursued by the present government are doomed to fail and bring disaster in their train, and yet he believes in intrinsic white racial superiority with respect to intelligence and creative ability. He is therefore vehemently opposed to the idea of universal suffrage which, he asserts, white South Africans of all shades of opinion will oppose with their blood. Consequently he feels the West African solution to be inapplicable to the Union with its three million whites and complex machinery of government. In the political field therefore he will not go beyond the concept of some type of civilization qualification for the franchise in order to maintain white leadership for the foreseeable future. Only if this leadership is responsible and humanely exercised will European standards remain dominant. He looks hopefully in this connection to the Rhodesian experiment with its hierarchial concept of senior and junior partners.

His main proposals, however, are in the economic field. He dismisses apartheid as a make believe solution incompatible with the historic trend to economic integration of the races. He advocates a speeding up of this trend to an economically unified society based on merit in which African living standards will rapidly increase. Here he makes the classic paternalist mistake of assuming that nationalism can be undermined by material advancement. Indeed, the entire book, in spite of its emphasis on the multi-racial character of the population, consistently portrays the African as an object rather than a serious participant in the decision-making process.

Nevertheless this is an honest book. The author has done his best to assess the changing environment, both internal and external, in which political decisions must be made by white South African leaders. The real South African predicament is that this intelligent, sincere analysis is simply not good enough. In the attempt to be realistic the author entangles himself in a maze of contradictions. He points out that South Africa can not flout world opinion indefinitely, but argues that such opinion is frequently uninformed, unfair and unrealistic. He asserts time and again that present policies will lead to disaster but admits that change can only come about slowly and by degrees. He believes passionately in the necessity and rightness of white leadership but admits that the actions of the existing regime are "most unfortunate and disconcerting" to such beliefs. He argues for economic integration but finds social integration unpalatable and unnecessary, while political equality is completely unacceptable. His solution to the problem will not appease African nationalists and is unlikely to find widespread European acceptance. The tragedy is the absence of a meeting ground between African objectives and European willingness to grant concessions. In such a situation compromise becomes impossible and

force becomes the logical arbiter of conflicting demands. This is a useful book, however, in spite of all the criticisms which can be raised. The Western critic confronted by the appalling political realities of South Africa has the obligation to place his criticism in the context of the almost insoluble problems faced by individuals such as the author.

A printing error, which left out pages 193 to 208, marred the reviewer's copy of this book.

A. CAIRNS

CANADA AND THE CANADIANS. PROFILE OF A MODERN NATION; Alistair Horne; Macmillan; 329 pp.; \$5.00.

There have been many books on Canada since the war, some good, some bad, remarks Alistair Horne in the foreword to this volume. He has contributed the most recent and it is very good indeed. Mr. Horne is an English journalist who first saw Canada under the auspices of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan in 1943, returning on long visits several times since that date. He brings many excellent qualities to the writing of this book. He is a sympathetic although not uncritical observer. He has read the travel literature of Canada from Dickens to Norman Levine and is able to relate his reading to the contemporary scene; he is perceptive in his delineation of regional and national outlooks; he is reasonably accurate in the information he provides; he has a fine sense of humor that prevents him from ever becoming pretentious in the treatment of the subject. Inevitably one compares his book with Miriam Chapin's *Contemporary Canada*, published two years ago. I do not think *Contemporary Canada* offers much competition. Whereas Miss Chapin begins breathlessly, "Canada confronts its time of decision," Horne starts off with a quotation from Stephen Leacock that leads him into an interesting discussion of the Canadian as the "quiet American."

The book proceeds to a cross-country tour of Canada, devoting special attention to the North, which Mr. Horne sees as the great challenge for Canadians. It ends with a discussion of some aspects of Canadian life such as the school system, art and literature, liquor laws, labor conditions, the press, etc. Throughout Mr. Horne is interested in interpreting Canada to British immigrants, both to dispel the rosy-tinted fantasies given in some post-war accounts, and to correct the bleak reports of a few English mass-circulation newspapers. He provides a number of case histories of English immigrants to Canada, using their experience to illustrate distinctive features of Canadian life. The problem of the greater difficulty which English wives go through in adjusting to Canada concerns him in passing. He recommends meeting the problem by either having the woman take a job herself or by indulging in "the \$1000 cure." The latter treatment involves sending the wife home to England for a visit after she has been in Canada precisely three years. Mr. Horne says that it is guaranteed to work wonders in dispelling romantic recollections of England.

There are certain parts of the book that I thought very well done. One was the account of French-English relations in Canada, based on the motif supplied by Andre Siegfried: "a *modus vivendi* without cordiality." Another was the discussion of the character of Canada's cities. Montreal is "the only Canadian city that genuinely fulfils a European's notion of a *Metro-*

polis"; Toronto "reminds one of what New York City must have been like in the 1870s and '80s, before the melting-pot had done its work"; Vancouver "seems to exist on more levels than many another North American city." Victoria's Britishness, he feels without regret, is a doomed legend, although this reviewer cannot agree with his further observation that the Empress Hotel in that city is without charm. Mr. Horne is convincing in his treatment of Canadian culture and discourses wisely on Mavor Moore's reason for Canada's tendency towards satire: "a form of self-defence against . . . British and American culture." His analysis of the problem encountered in Canadian broadcasting is admirable. I found his discussion of provincial liquor laws a good piece of light-hearted satirical writing. He also tackles competently that most difficult subject: the existing links between Canada and Great Britain. He finds five principal threads in the relationship—race, commerce, tradition, the Crown and the Commonwealth—and has something original to say about each.

His book abounds in what were to me unknown facts about this country. Did you know that in the Prince Edward Island legislature the opposition sits to the right of the Speaker? That family allowances in Newfoundland now provide a greater income than the cod fisheries? That Sarah Bernhardt was banned once by the Bishop of Montreal? That Calixa Lavallee, the composer of "O Canada," soon afterwards emigrated to the United States? That Clarence Campbell, president of the National Hockey League, is a Rhodes scholar? Information of this kind may not be vitally important but it adds flavor to any discussion of a country's life. It is in the nuances, the subtler shades of understanding, that Mr. Horne shows himself to be such a skilful observer. His book deserves to be widely read, not only by Britishers but also by Canadians. One feels that in time it will take its place, as a representative of the mid-twentieth century, on the small shelf of travellers' accounts that begins with Lescarbot and Charlevoix.

D. M. L. FARR

THE PARADOX OF GEORGE ORWELL: Richard J. Voorhees; Purdue University Studies; pp. 127; \$1.95.

Apart from a rather rigid schematism and an excessive scoring of points—the marks of its origin in a Ph.D. thesis—this book is an intelligent, lucid, and therefore useful exposition of George Orwell's ideas. The book is built around an examination of three "paradoxes": (1) "Orwell was a rebel with a remarkably strong sense of responsibility"; (2) "Orwell was horrified by large concentrations of power, but he was determined to resist them"; (3) "Orwell crusaded for a socialist society, yet he had important reservations about socialism."

The first thing to observe is that these statements are paradoxes only in grammar, not in fact. There is nothing apparently contradictory in a rebel's having a sense of responsibility; indeed, people often become rebels against their society *because* they have a developed sense of responsibility to their fellows. Again, one would expect the responsible citizen who is horrified by large concentrations of power to oppose them and do something to mitigate their pernicious effects. The third statement might be more accurately completed by saying that Orwell had important reservations about certain kinds of socialism and especially about certain so-called socialists. Orwell was not a Marxist, a Fabian, or a Utopian socialist, but to the end of his life he was a

democratic socialist who had a healthy distrust of mechanical progress, bureaucratic planners, and Labour Party intellectuals. In short, substitute 'and' for 'but' and 'yet' in Dr. Voorhees' propositions, and they are still sound.

Critics have made far too much of the paradoxical in George Orwell. (Raymond Williams in the recent *Culture and Society* bases his whole discussion of Orwell on the view that "the total effect of Orwell's work is an effect of paradox".) Orwell was no more self-contradictory than any other Britisher—or human being. He knew that he was a mixed-up human animal, like everybody else, and said so: "There is one part of you that wishes to be a hero or a saint, but another part of you is a little fat man who sees very clearly the advantage of staying alive with a whole skin." Again, like every British socialist, he was caught in the trap of class. Although with his mind he denounced British society (in 1941) as the most class-ridden under the sun, along his nerves he could not rid himself of the feeling that there is some fundamental difference between rich and poor. Take, for example, his obsessive concern with a working man's smell. Now, this does not bother a North American socialist. He assumes (and rightly) that as soon as the fellow gets another \$25 a week in his pay envelope he will move into a house or flat with a bathroom and his wife will hear about soap over TV.

CARLYLE KING

SAT SMILING AT A WORM

I sat smiling at a worm,
It crawled across my shoe
And godlike, I cut it in two with a stick.
Then I noticed a small girl playing;
She threw stones over hedges,
Made cool designs in mud puddles,
Gallivanted in her calisthenics
Toward a stranger.

She dissolved into his hand like a noose
Running on his rounded arm,
And they walked away
Farther into the trees,
Lower on the grass,
Nearer in the wind.

The two worms were a yard apart now,
Living and unrestrained . . .
I watched, letting them go
To requite another's shoe,
As though the dropping leaves were screams
From faintly out of trees.

CLIVE MANWARING

JINGLE FOR WITCHES

The witch of the east
and the witch of the west
met together breast to breast
and said to each other
with a certain zest
we were never sisters
and never will be
but the world is long
and time is wide
and the tide is strong
and the tide is tide
and we're swept together
by our own sweet curse
and it might be better
and it might be worse.

MURRAY BONNYCASTLE

JEREMY COCKLOFT; CURSORY OBSERVATIONS MADE IN QUEBEC, 1811; Edited and printed by William Toye; pp. 42 & xii; Oxford; \$3.00.

This exceptionally pretty production is a *jeu d'esprit* and should be welcomed as such by us solemn but not very profound Canadians. The text is a trifle which caught Mr. Toye's eye while he was preparing the manuscript of his splendid book, *The St. Lawrence*, and he has given it exactly the form it asks for — pretty, quaint, unpretentious and slightly comical. It is true that the text gets some of its value from the fact that it has no rivals, but not all. My interest in these things is amateur and I would enjoy reading many such cursory observations. The book has its own kind of thing to say, and says it well. In a back-handed way it also reveals, as Toye says in his Preface, that Quebec was "a town that is curiously attractive to read about — a place of constant activity, of colour and contrasts." "Now gentle reader," says Mr. Cockloft, speaking of the Quebec market which was taking place under his pension window, "figure in imagination, oxen lowing, calves bleating, sheep bal-ing, hogs squeaking, squealing and grunting, ducks quacking, fowls cackling; and last of all, and by far the most noisy, Canadians jabbering; — and all this an hour before sunrise of a summer's morning, — and you will have some slight conception what a charming serenade this must be, and how gratifying and pleasing to the inhabitants of the houses round the market-place; especially should any of them be sick." Two pages over he describes a fascinating race of commercial men known as "puffers." "This last description of men," he says, "are not much known, because secrecy is the very soul of their business; — The auctioneers use them to bid at auctions; the merchants employ them to collect doubtful debts, and sometimes to obtain purchasers for their goods; tavern-keepers treat them, that they may recommend customers, as these people are always about, and scrape acquaintance with strangers, if permitted so to do; they are, in fact, universal engines for every purpose, and at the same time possess a most inflexible gravity of countenance."

I am naturally in William Toye's rooting section because he made my one book so handsome. I hope he will go on finding and producing books like this; he seems to have an eye for a good text, and the sureness of his touch in presenting it gives me a marvellous feeling of satisfaction, almost as though I had done it myself.

GEORGE JOHNSTON

THE SOVIET CULTURAL OFFENSIVE, THE ROLE OF CULTURAL DIPLOMACY IN SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY; Frederick C. Barghoorn; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 353; \$8.65.

This is a study of "cultural diplomacy," defined by the author as "the manipulation of cultural materials and personnel for propaganda purposes." Although the use of cultural communications as instruments of foreign relations is not new in history, nor peculiar to the Soviet Union, the startling expansion of this policy since the death of Stalin has been perhaps more significant than Soviet achievements in the nuclear and satellite fields. The cultural offensive has included the expansion of tourism, the exchange of technical delegations, of films, books and artists, the arranging of conferences and exhibits, the inter-change of students and scholars, and has ranged over the whole of Asia, Africa and Latin

America, as well as western Europe and the United States. Within this pattern, "hospitality becomes a political technique, violinists are soldiers, and acts of communications are moves in a war of nerves." The effort has produced a whole network of organizations in the U.S.S.R. for the conduct of this diplomacy, from Voks and Intourist to the later State Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, and the many bi-lateral friendship societies, including the recently formed Soviet-Canada Society. The American response has led to the forming of appropriate official agencies in Washington, and the conclusion of the Soviet-American cultural exchange treaty of 1958, recently renewed for two more years. Many other bi-lateral exchange agreements have been concluded, with the notable absence of such an agreement between the U.S.S.R. and Canada. The Iron Curtain has been punctured in all directions.

Both parties in this competition have enjoyed advantages and suffered disadvantages arising from the essential nature of the two societies. The state direction of cultural life in the U.S.S.R. has facilitated the "export" of culture and its carefully limited "import," with attendant difficulties for the western countries created by Soviet travel restrictions, radio jamming, censorship, etc. The admission of western ideas and their exponents has been difficult to reconcile with the otherwise strictly "closed society" of the Soviet Union. That "doctrinal intolerance" and "cultural internationalism" are not incompatible bedfellows, however, is clearly evident from such facts as the following: ten million Soviet students were studying English in 1957; Hindi and Urdu are taught in some Moscow secondary schools; approximately 10,000 persons are studying English in specialized higher educational institutes; some schools are teaching Asian languages to pupils from the age of eight! On the western side, a free society finds it difficult to organize and coordinate cultural exchanges in a comprehensive and dynamic way, and is by no means without blemish in its conduct. For instance, in almost the only reference to Canada, the author notes the failure of the Soviet agricultural visit to Canada because of the violent Ukrainian refugee demonstrations during the trip. The failure of the United States fully to meet the challenge of international cultural communications is also noted, and the need for a much greater western effort is urged.

In spite of evident difficulties, the author is convinced of the mutual value of cultural exchanges, in particular in terms of the acquisition of information by both sides, and improved mutual understanding of the two societies. Whatever its political benefit, the cultural gains are, in his opinion, indisputable. He entertains a modest hope that the exchange program will exert an influence on the thinking of Russians, even in political matters, although, somewhat contradictorily, he expresses the view that little or no real political discussion is possible with Soviet citizens — a view strangely at variance with the experience of many other observers, including the reviewer. The author seems also excessively self-righteous in his assumption that it is only the Russians whose thinking needs changing and that only the Soviet Union seeks to bend cultural contacts to serve the national interest. Whether viewed as means or ends, cultural diplomacy has become an indispensable aspect of government in the modern world. There is no real likelihood that cultural relations

will decisively affect the attitude of whole peoples to each other or the relationship of their governments in matters of national interest, but the continuance of such relations helps to maintain, *au dessus de la mêlée*, that intellectual and cultural contacts between civilizations which is all the more urgently needed in view of the breakdown of political equilibrium.

GORDON SKILLING

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, CLEAR GRIT; Dale C. Thomson; Macmillan; pp. ix, 436; \$6.75.

Not many years ago the readable and competent biographies of Canadian figures could have been counted on the fingers of one hand. Today it would at least take two hands. No alarming figure, to be sure, but given the number of persons who rate biographies, perhaps not a bad total. Biography has moved from painful and awkward works of pious memory on through to scholarly levels and in the case of a few, beyond them, to literary achievement. It is fortunate for both biography and Canadian history in general that possession of the field remains in the hands of professionals, for the recent samples of "popular" history merely serve to exhibit the feeble literary taste, judgment and discernment of such efforts. And is it not fortunate that our history has not fallen into the hands either of the arty people or of the jargoneering social scientists? History almost alone among the disciplines has flown its flag as both "learned" and popular, a true medium of communication between the "longhaired" and the general public.

Mr. Thomson's biography of Alexander Mackenzie is a welcome addition to the list. It is scholarly but not heavy and it does as much for its man as a scholar could be expected to do. One of the pitfalls in biography is over-adulation of the biographer's subject. "No man is not a hero to his own biographer," one might say. Mr. Thomson comes close to falling into the pit at times but in general he recovers his balance before he goes over the edge. There is no question about the solid worth of this Scot, Mackenzie, who rose from the ranks, educated himself and achieved the leading post in the land. And it is refreshing to be assured again of that which was already known, that in Mackenzie the country had at least one man of absolute integrity. But it takes more than solid worth and incorruptibility to make a good biography. In fact, it is hard to write about a man on the basis of solid worth. It is the complex, involuted people that intrigue, and if they are rascals, they intrigue that much more. Mr. Thomson has therefore not set himself an easy mark. Nevertheless he brings his man to life, even though he cannot make the reader shout for him any more than did the people of Canada.

Mackenzie remains a secondary figure. Nor does the author quite explain why this was so. Towards the close of his book, as he paints the years of withdrawal when the man drifted in the direction of the recluse, some explanation comes. But at the height of his career—and it was a very considerable height—he does not make us feel the qualities in MacKenzie that failed to secure for him the adulation that went to a man intrinsically less admirable, John A. It is at this point that the book tends to become somewhat defensive. There must have been some explanation behind his inability to draw the best man in Liberalism into his cabinet: granted the "dissidence of dissent" and the personal

Dag Hammarskjöld

THE INTERNATIONAL CIVIL
SERVANT IN LAW AND IN FACT

A lecture given at Oxford in May. 50c.

Vincent Massey

CANADIANS AND THEIR
COMMONWEALTH

A lecture given at Oxford in June. 75c

Arnold Toynbee

BETWEEN OXUS AND JUMNA

An account of the author's travels last year through
North-West India, West Pakistan,
and Afghanistan. \$4.50.

OXFORD

NEW PAPERBACKS AT YOUR BOOKSELLER'S

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH	Edith Wharton	\$1.75
ALBERT EINSTEIN	Leopold Infeld	\$1.45
THE RANGE OF REASON	Jacques Maritain	\$1.75
ATTITUDES TOWARD HISTORY	Kenneth Burke	\$2.70
THE MEANING OF MODERN SCULPTURE	R. H. Wilenski	\$2.25
COOPERATION & COMPETITION AMONG PRIMITIVE PEOPLES	edited by Margaret Mead	\$2.25

 **Saunders**
OF TORONTO

THE ART OF THE POSSIBLE

Government and Foreign Policy in Canada

by James Eayrs

A fresh and absorbing account of the historical developments and current practices of Canadian policy in foreign affairs, including the formation and organization of the Department of External Affairs at home and abroad, the role of the Department of National Defence in relation to the civil authority, and the problem of a middle power in securing information from great nations. 244 pages \$6.95

THE CONSCRIPTION CRISIS OF 1944

by R. MacGregor Dawson

An engrossing, day-to-day account of a great drama in Canada's political history which began at a time when the Government was complacently planning victory celebrations. It reveals the clash of personalities, political views, and beliefs, and shows brilliantly the relation of political decision to popular consent in a democracy. 136 pages \$3.75

THE CANADIAN IDENTITY

by W. L. Morton

"Canada exists in America by the operation of geography, the needs of imperial strategy, the development of an historical tradition, and the conscious will of the Canadian people." Thus succinctly, Professor Morton opens his clear and vigorous interpretation of the Canadian national character—to be appreciated by Canadians themselves involved in the search for effective expression of Canadian identity and by American neighbours ready for a fresh assessment of American-Canadian history from the Canadian view. 136 pages \$3.50

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

difficulties of those who either refused to join him or backed out (of whom Blake was only the most conspicuous), yet the right man would probably have drawn them into service behind him. The author hints at a bluntness too drastic for the good politician, a sharpness of tongue that no doubt did not spare friend as well as foe. This is no discredit to a man: it is no discredit to a public man thus to rise above the politician, but I think the author might have found a little more room for exploring this area.

The biography is valuable as a study of Liberalism in the 1870's: few realize how badly split it was between the Mackenzie-Brown wing and the Blake wing, which were, perhaps, the Scottish or old-country, and the Canadian wings. There is also light thrown on most of the standard issues of the period—the personality of Lord Dufferin (what a "speak-you-fair" he was!), the tariff, British Columbia, and the astounding rigors of campaigning at the time. From a wider point of view, the book is an explanation of a large proportion of the Canadians of that day, persons in whom the Scottish traits were plain; Puritan, lower middle class people, with all the worthiness and shortcomings thereof.

The style of the book falters at points: I would hope that if there is another edition it will get some polishing, for no historian must let down the team.

ARTHUR LOWER

LES PHILOSOPHES, THE PHILOSOPHERS OF THE ENLIGHTENMENT AND MODERN DEMOCRACY; Norman L. Torrey; Capricorn Press, New York; pp. 287.

This is a pleasant and useful selection of writings on political themes by Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu, Diderot and others of the French eighteenth century "enlightenment." It is nicely edited and the passages well translated, but every reader should know that it tends to reflect Professor Torrey's views on democracy rather than the views of the *Philosophes*. It would surely have been appropriate, when quoting Rousseau's *Social Contract*, to include the chapter "On Democracy" (Bk III, Ch 4) which contains the lovely line, "If there were a nation of gods it would govern itself democratically. Such a perfect form of government is not suitable for man," and which insists, more seriously, that the two essentials in a democracy are *virtue*, meaning in part *frugality*, and an equality of rank and wealth. But the notion of economic democracy does not seem to suit Professor Torrey. His selection from Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws* likewise omits several chapters on democracy (Bk V, Ch. 5 - 7) dealing with the same theme that wealth corrupts and that a democracy cannot survive great inequalities of fortune. So the editor steers his course carefully through these embarrassing shoals towards an innocuous liberal definition of democracy in purely political terms.

J. F. BOSHER

ABSTRACT

He ignores beauty, harmony,
"art is the chaos itself,
the unconscious creation"
but he still uses live models
to go to bed with . . .

TIBOR BARANYAI

